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LIFE OF
DAVID P. KIMBALL
AND OTHER SKETCHES



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DAVID PATTEN KIMBALL, 1877.

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Life of David P. Kimball

and Other Sketches

By Solomon F. Kimball

Salt Lake City, Utah
The Deseret News
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FOREWORD

With the facilities for food, transportation and travel, and for education and classified occupations, universally provided in our day, the generation now living can little appreciate the inconveniences, troubles, and even sufferings and hardships, that were endured by the noble men and women who conquered the West, and who, by their sacrifices, provided for the temporal comforts we of today enjoy.

These imperfect pages give us a glimpse of some of the ups and downs in the life of one man who was a typical pioneer frontiersman, and seek to portray a scattered few of the thrilling incidents of his strenuous career.

As with all the Latter-day Saints who took part in the settlement of the west, faith in God and in the restoration of the gospel, held him to his vigorous tasks, enabled him triumphantly to conquer obstacles, and was the underlying force of his achievements. Unlike many other early settlers, however, who were much older than he was, he represented the characteristics of the second generation type—seemingly rough, in some respects and ways, but having hearts and souls tuned to service, love and helpfulness.

This sketch is fondly inscribed to his memory

LIFE OF DAVID P. KIMBALL

By His Brother, Solomon

After the mob had driven the Saints from their Missouri homes, Heber C. Kimball and family removed to a place called Commerce, afterwards named Nauvoo, the famous gathering place of God's people in Illinois.

With the logs of an old stable, he built a small shack, and covered it as best he could with material at hand. It had no floor nor chinking, but notwithstanding he moved his family into it. On the night of August 23, 1839, while a fearful storm was raging, his wife, Vilate, gave birth to her fourth son. The water on the floor was ankle deep in places, and the wind in all its fury blew sheets of water over the bed of Sister Kimball, drenching her to the skin.

While in this condition Sister Vilate, whose life was almost exhausted, cried out in anguish, "Heber, unless you can secure for me a stimulant of some kind, I will die before morning." Her loving husband, realizing the seriousness of her condition, lost no time in visiting the surrounding camps in search of the desired medicine. But he was compelled to return empty handed, soon after the child was born.



The City of Nauroo and Mississippi River.

Not long after this affecting incident occurred, Brother David W. Patten, president of the Council of Twelve Apostles, was killed by a ruthless mob. He was a man whom the women of "Mormondom" almost idolized; hence, Sister Vilate named her newly-born son David Patten. As he grew, the child showed traits of unusual intelligence, in view of which she penned the following lines for the benefit of her husband who was on his second mission to England:

LITTLE DAVID

Our darling little David P.
Is just as sweet as he can be;
He surely is the finest lad
That you and I have ever had.

His eyes are black, his skin is fair,
His features good, and brown his hair;
He's just as fat as butter, too,
We therefore think that he will do.

The martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and Patriarch Hyrum followed a few years after the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri. During the winter of 1845-46, the people were once more driven from their comfortable homes. In a wagon that had been fitted out for the occasion little David, who was now a lad of seven, in company with his mother and the other children, crossed the Mississippi river on the ice to join the Camp of Israel in the western wilds. They suffered many privations during the next few months.

After traveling some five hundred miles over the trackless plains of Iowa, they reached the western banks of the Missouri river, where the body of the Church remained for the winter and until their leaders might select a home for them further west. The newly-constructed town was called Winter Quarters, and was afterwards named Florence, a name it has retained until this day.

During the latter part of May, 1848, Heber C. Kimball, at the head of one hundred wagons, containing his numerous family, relatives, friends, with provisions enough to last a year, bade farewell to his Winter Quarters home and continued on the thousand-mile journey to the west.

Before starting, David's father presented him with a beautiful little mare named Shab and a new saddle, which pleased the boy very much. His faithful little animal carried him safely from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake Valley, where, in company with his father's family, he arrived on the 22nd day of September, 1848.

During the next few years David's time was spent in herding cows, attending school, running errands and doing odd things in general. As soon as he was old enough, his father entrusted him with a team, and the remainder of his unmarried days were spent in various kinds of work that kept him constantly busy.

David P. Kimball, at the age of eighteen, had developed into as fine a specimen of manhood as could be found among the people. Being of a spir-



Martin's Hand-cart Company, 1856.

itual minded nature he possessed the gift of prophecy to a remarkable extent, though not at all pretentious over such matters. Having been born while his grief-stricken parents were passing through serious hardships, he naturally partook of the spirit by which they were actuated and the conditions by which they were surrounded. This undoubtedly went far towards qualifying him for the hard and trying mission he was destined to fulfil.

He was a descendant of the Pilgrim fathers. His grandsires stood shoulder to shoulder with the brave patriots whose struggles made ours the most glorious nation on earth. Taking these facts into account, how could he be anything else than brave! He was naturally intelligent, honest, truthful, virtuous, God-fearing and as tender-hearted as a child. Of course, he was not as polished as the young men of this generation, for he had but little time to attend school, or enjoy the comforts and tender training of home. He was a good story-teller and could thrill the listener in every nerve while relating his exciting experiences. He was cheerful under the most trying circumstances, and complaints were never heard from his lips. He was liberal to a fault, and always ready to aid and comfort those who needed help. His great faith, zeal, earnestness and devotion to principle marked him as an extraordinary man.

Probably no greater act of heroism was ever recorded in the annals of history than that performed

by David P. Kimball and his twenty-seven associates who, on the morning of October 7, 1856, went from the City of the Great Salt Lake to the relief of the fifteen hundred belated hand-cart emigrants who were caught in the early snows of a severe winter, hundreds of miles from human habitation, without food and without shelter. By their indefatigable labor these brave mountain boys were instruments in the hands of the Lord in saving thirteen hundred of that number. Had it not been for their heroic efforts not enough emigrants would have survived to tell the tale. The greatest heroes of them all were the subject of this sketch, and his bosom companions, George W. Grant and C. Allen Huntington.

When the Martin handcart company came to the first crossing of the Sweetwater, west of Devil's Gate, they found the stream full of floating ice, making it almost impossible to cross on account of the strong current. The snow was eighteen inches deep on the level, and the wind blew a perfect hurricane. The stream which they were about to cross was waist deep in places, and more than a hundred feet wide by actual measurement. To cross that mountain torrent under such conditions seemed to them nothing short of suicide, for nearly one-sixth of their number had already perished from the effects of crossing North Platte, eighteen days before. They believed that no earthly power could bring them through that place alive, and reasoned among themselves that if they had to die



Upper Row—C. Allen Huntington, Geo. W. Grant and David P. Kimball, the three heroes who carried the Martin company across the Sweetwater.

Second Row—Ephraim K. Hanks and Charles F. Decker, chiefs of western scouts, who crossed the plains from Salt Lake City to the Missouri river more times than any other men. Whenever the authorities of the Church sent an important message to England during the winter season, these men were always chosen to make the hazardous journey.

it was useless to add to their suffering by the perpetration of such a rash act as crossing that treacherous stream. They had walked hundreds of miles over an almost trackless plain, pulling carts as they went, and after making such tremendous sacrifices for the cause of truth, to lay down their lives in such a dreadful manner was awful to contemplate. They became alarmed and cried mightily unto the Lord for help, but apparently received no answer. All the warring elements of nature appeared to be against them, and the spirit of death itself seemed to be in the very air.

After these freezing, starving emigrants had given up in despair, after all their hopes had vanished, after every apparent avenue of escape seemed closed, David P. Kimball, George W. Grant and C. Allen Huntington, members of the relief party from Salt Lake City, came to the rescue, and to the astonishment of all who saw, carried nearly every member of that ill-fated hand-cart company across that icy stream. The strain was so terrible, and the exposure so great that in later years all of the boys died from the effects of it. When President Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child, and later declared publicly "that act alone will insure David P. Kimball, George W. Grant and C. Allen Huntington an everlasting salvation in the Celestial Kingdom of God, worlds without end."



David P. Kimball, Geo. W. Grant and C. Allen Huntington helping the Martin hand-cart
company across the Sweetwater River.

These heroes went, on missions sent,
To rescue pilgrims that were late;
With heavy loads, they "broke" the roads,
From Salt Lake down to Devil's Gate.

Met starving Saints, with travel faint,
Pulling hand-carts through the snow,
All through November and December;
These were dreadful days of woe.

Through drifting snow, these boys would go
With freezing pilgrims on their backs,
Through rivers deep, through slush and sleet;
And o'er the hills, they "broke" the tracks.

They climbed the heights, then sat up nights
Nursing the sick and burying dead;
Their hearts would bleed when they would feed
Poor, helpless children without bread.

With dauntless will they fought on still,
Saving the lives of all they could;
Though they could feel their strength of steel
Waning for want of needed food.

On the 13th of April, 1857, David P. Kimball was married to Caroline M., the eldest daughter of Thomas S. and Albina M. Williams. Caroline was born April 24, 1843, in Nauvoo, Ill., and with her parents joined the famous "Mormon" Battalion and arrived in Salt Lake Valley, July 29, 1847. She and her husband spent their honey-moon on Antelope Island, where a week or more was enjoyed in horseback riding, visiting places of interest, and in having a jolly good time.



Caroline M., wife of David P. Kimball, 1877.

After returning from their wedding trip they took up their abode with David's mother where they remained for a year or more. David continued to work for his father, teaming, farming, getting out wood, hauling grists to and from the mill, and taking a general interest in looking after his father's affairs. While this work was going on, his wife was busily engaged in the common duties of the home, cooking, sewing, spinning and preparing herself to take charge of her own home.

During the latter part of 1858, David looked after his father's Grantsville ranch, which was no small affair. Several hundred head of horses and cattle that pastured on the nearby ranges were to be looked after during the summer months, and then driven onto the Kimball Island, fourteen miles north, where they remained for the winter and until they were returned to the ranch in the spring. Every year two or three hundred tons of hay were cut with scythes, cured and put up. It was stacked and fed to oxen that had been engaged in hauling freight across the western plains.

The Skull Valley Indians were quite troublesome in those days. On several occasions, while David had charge of his father's ranch, Indians stole large herds of stock. When the neighboring ranchers learned of the depredations, they hurriedly sought the trail of the red-skin thieves and followed them until the stolen animals were recovered. On several occasions David took part in expeditions of this kind, and was quite successful in escaping the bullets of the red man.



David P. Kimball, London, 1865.

One bright morning during the month of May, 1863, the subject of this sketch, in company with other elders, started on a mission to Great Britain. After a two months' hard journey over the plains, they reached the Missouri river, and several days later arrived in New York City. While there a big, burly-looking fellow who learned they were "Mormons" commenced to berate them in a very insulting manner. David, who was not accustomed to such treatment, gave him a good trouncing, which he richly deserved.

Soon the elders were on board a first-class vessel bound for Europe, and after a rough voyage of several weeks they reached Liverpool, England. In that country three years were spent in preaching the gospel, baptizing converts, establishing new branches of the Church, and performing a work that brought joy and satisfaction to the hearts of hundreds of people.

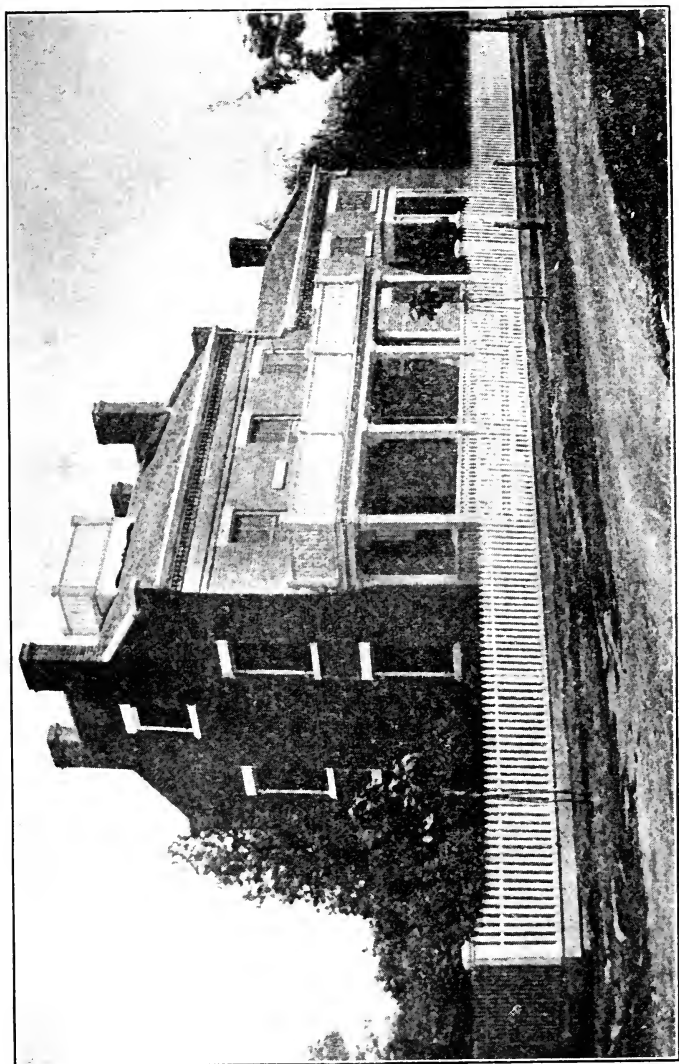
After being honorably released from his mission, David, in company with his brothers, Charles and Brigham, visited the Paris Exposition, where they spent a number of days in viewing the sights. They also visited other European cities of note, enjoying the educational advantages to their hearts content. Returning, they enjoyed a few days' rest in England, when David and Charles boarded a homeward bound vessel and soon reached their native land.

Then came the treat of their lives—a visit to their parents' old homes in the State of New York.

where they were royally received by their relatives and friends. They also visited Kirtland, Ohio; Independence, Missouri, and Nauvoo, Ill., the once beautiful city of their birth. Following the old "Mormon" trail through the State of Iowa, they soon reached Winter Quarters, on the west bank of the Missouri river, where they enjoyed a few days' rest. Here they boarded one of Ben Halliday's overland stages, and after about a week's hard driving they reached home in time to attend the April, 1866, Conference.

Following a few weeks of needed rest, David was called on another mission; this time to fight Indians in what was known as the Black Hawk war, but his father said: "No; Brother Brigham, I will send my son Solomon in his place," which he did. This gave David time to provide for the wants of his family, straighten out his business affairs, and prepare for the next year's work in hauling freight from the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake City.

About the first of May, 1867, David, at the head of his small freight train, started on his eastern journey, arriving at the terminus of the railroad four weeks later. After nearly a month's wait, the delayed goods, which he had contracted to haul across the plains, arrived, and two months later he reached home. His trip was successful, which encouraged him to attempt another trip that year, but the most experienced freighters in the country told him that the season was so far spent that such



Heber C. Kimball's Nauvoo home, erected in 1843.

an undertaking would be hazardous in the extreme.

A Mr. White, who owned a freight train that arrived from the east about the same time that David's reached its destination, offered his outfit to the latter for a reasonable sum. Without delay, the bargain was closed. This transaction put David in possession of fifteen first-class mule teams that were in pretty good order.

The merchants of Salt Lake, as an inducement for Mr. Kimball to make the trip, offered almost double the usual price, provided he would deliver the goods. He figured that the railroad would be completed as far west as Cheyenne, by the time he reached there, and that he could drive that five hundred miles within a month; that it would require one week to load the wagons, and five weeks' hard driving to reach home. The roads being in splendid condition and the feed good, he decided to make the trip.

Near the last of August, David started on his hazardous journey, counting that if all went well with him he would be able to make the round trip before snow-fall; but if not, there was no telling what would happen. He took plenty of grain along for his animals, leaving portions at the various stations along the road. He made light drives during the first few days, thus enabling him to get everything in good working order.

When old time freighters were asked what they thought of David's venturesome undertaking, they generally scratched their heads, looked wise, but

said nothing. Other experienced westerners predicted all kinds of trouble for him. However, when his faithful fifteen six-mule teams, loaded to the guards, drove up to Walker Brothers' Salt Lake store and commenced to unload the goods, there was great astonishment among the doubters.

After a few weeks' rest, indefatigable David hitched up his teams again, and bore off to Los Angeles, California, after more merchandise. According to the "Deseret Evening News" of fifty years ago, he passed through St. George, Utah, near the first of January, and a little more than three months later he returned to Salt Lake City with another trainload of goods. By this time, he had made profit enough to pay his debts, with sufficient means left to purchase more mules and wagons. He was now ready for anything that might be required in that line of labor.

The year 1868 was known throughout this whole Rocky Mountain region as the year of railway enterprise. The screech of the Union Pacific locomotive was heard upon the plains, and the great road was soon to penetrate the everlasting hills. Prominent Utah men contracted to build about two hundred miles of track, but were unable to proceed until supplies could be brought from the terminus afar in the plains of Wyoming.

The mountain streams during the spring breaks became raging torrents. Toll roads, bridges, and ferries were so numerous along the route that it would have bankrupted the ordinary freighter to



Charles S., son of Heber C. and Vilate M. Kimball.

patronize all of them. Hence, David P. Kimball, wide awake to the situation, began the journey before winter was fairly over, and under the captaincy of his Brother Charles they made their way to the railroad terminus, then some five hundred miles to the east of Salt Lake City.

While the teams were gone, David and his brother Heber contracted with Joseph Nounnan, the banker, to build about ten miles of railroad track on the Bear River, a difficult piece of work that would require much time and patience to complete.

During the latter part of July the Kimball teams, about twenty-five in number, all heavily loaded with railroad supplies for Mr. Nounnan, arrived at the latter's headquarters on Yellow Creek. A few days later, about one hundred scraper teams were piling up dirt in a fashion that caused even experienced railroad men to look on in wonder and amazement. It required about two months and a half to finish the job which, when done, gave complete satisfaction.

As soon as the Nounnan contract was completed, the Kimball Brothers moved their outfit onto the Brigham Young contract, at the head of Echo Canyon, and, with about one hundred and fifty plow and scraper teams, made good headway, notwithstanding the roughness of the country. The task was difficult, both for the boys and the teams, of course, but the company paid enough more for the work to make it worth while.

Having finished this contract, they took another job further down the canyon, which kept them busy until late that fall. They then went to work for the railroad company, who were paying exorbitant prices for labor, since they were racing with the Central Pacific Railroad Company for certain advantages which would accrue to the company which should first reach Ogden.

That winter sufficient hay could not be purchased at any price, which compelled the boys to feed their animals solely on shelled corn. As a result it was no unusual thing mornings to find a half dozen or more dead mules lying about camp. Crismon Brothers alone lost about fifty head.

As soon as the railroad reached Ogden, early in May, 1869, the occupation of the Utah freighters was gone. Their outfits were sold to the highest bidders, and they invested their means in other enterprises. David P. Kimball, who was in lowly financial circumstances three years before that time, through his energy and hard labor, had accumulated what was then considered a fortune, which reached nearly the one hundred thousand dollar mark.

Through force of untoward circumstances, the Saints who had settled in the Bear Lake Valley, in 1864, had become almost discouraged. The farsighted Brigham Young, comprehending the situation, decided upon a plan which he was confident would bring good results. It was the choosing of David P. Kimball to stand at the head of the set-

lements in that part of the Church, and giving him the privilege of selecting a hundred or more experienced men to accompany him in the development of the country. When the plan was matured and David had selected the men, their names were called at a public meeting, as was the custom in those days, and they were sustained in the enterprise by the people.

On the 19th of July, 1869, President David P. Kimball started on his Bear Lake journey to the north. His outfit consisted of three six-mule teams loaded with household goods, merchandise, machinery, and other necessities, such as would be required in the building of a new country. He also took along with him about fifty head of cattle, and a like number of horses and mules. This action caused considerable stir among the Saints of Zion, resulting in a migration of numerous families who had not been called to the mission, who also made their homes in that section of the country.

As soon as Brother Kimball reached Paris, Idaho, he purchased several valuable lots, located in the extreme north end of the settlement. He lost no time in preparing for winter, which generally set in about the first of November. He soon had his family comfortably housed in a four-roomed building, and two months later his large and commodious barn, sheds and corrals were completed. While this work was going on, his hired help cut and stacked about three hundred tons of hay and hauled sufficient wood to serve the needs of his

family through the winter. This is part of the work accomplished by him in the remarkably short time of three months, to say nothing of the duties that occupied the attention of his wide-awake mind in other directions.

Before leaving Salt Lake City, he sent east for a full set of brass band instruments, for among the men he had selected for the Bear Lake mission there were several musicians. Neither did he overlook the string band proposition, and a number of men who went with him were familiar with that class of instruments. By the time winter made its appearance, the Bear Lake settlements were as a consequence blessed with music that would have done credit to a much older country.

When spring came, President Kimball who, in the meantime, had made himself acquainted with the country's needs, went to work in earnest to better the condition of the people over whom he had come to preside. He united the Paris settlers in the building of a sawmill near the head of Paris canyon, and also a first-class grist mill several miles below. He then invested a portion of his means in building a tannery. He also furnished considerable means towards the stocking of the Paris Co-op store, with a line of goods of which the people stood sorely in need. Under his wise counsel, the people built a five-pole fence from the north to the south end of the valley, thus separating the stockrange from most of the farming and meadow lands. He purchased one of the best farms in the valley, and

placed in charge of it a first-class farmer who had come with him. In other ways his means were liberally invested, and soon the settlers throughout that whole region of country began to feel the benefits of the new blood that had been injected into their financial veins.

We read in the Book of Mormon that "the Lord gives men weaknesses that they may be humble," and Brother David, like all big and broad-minded men, had his faults. One of them was that as long as he had money he gave his friends and associates the benefit of it, even when it was against his own interests to do so. Having given away to his better judgment in relation to such matters, he soon found himself in financial straits, which circumstance naturally went hard with a man of his disposition. Notes were becoming due, lawsuits pending, and the beneficiaries who had helped to bring about this condition of things were among the first to desert him. As the saying goes, "Trouble never comes single," and it was so with David. Things continued to go from bad to worse until he became thoroughly discouraged and decided to return to his Salt Lake home.

Soon after President Brigham Young was made acquainted with these facts, he went to Paris, Idaho, and at a stake conference held the next day, the Saints and the sinners who had gathered to hear him were made to understand that the man whom he had sent to preside over that valley had not been sustained by the people as he should have been.

When he drove into Paris from the north, he found improvements made by Brother Kimball that would be an honor and credit to any community, but as he proceeded on his way through the town he beheld the same old dirt-covered huts that were built before he visited the place years ago. He said that he had known Brother David from his infancy up to the present time, and for many years had looked upon him as one of the choice men of Zion. That if the Saints of that valley had appreciated his worth, and stood by him financially and otherwise, this condition of things might never have occurred. He stated also that for some time it had been the unanimous sentiment of the First Presidency that David should become a member of the Council of Apostles, but through the spirit of greed and opposition manifested by certain individuals towards him, he was sorry to say that these plans had been frustrated. All things considered, he would release Brother David P. Kimball from the presidency of the Bear Lake mission, and he asked that the blessings of the Lord attend him wherever he might go.

Before President Young closed his remarks, many people in the congregation were weeping. It was certainly a day of regret and lamentation for them, for they realized now that it would be a long time before they were presided over by a man who would make the sacrifices in their behalf that Brother David P. Kimball had made.

As soon as David had disposed of his Bear Lake



President Brigham Young.

property and paid his debts, he and his family returned to their Salt Lake home, where they were royally received by their relatives and friends. After some weeks spent in looking over the situation, Brother Kimball, with what means he had left, purchased from his father's family the old Kimball grist mill, on North Temple street, between State and Main. This proved to be a valuable investment, and soon after the purchase enabled him to move his family into a comfortable home.

However, managing a common old grist mill was too tame a job for a man of David P. Kimball's versatility and capacity. He therefore began to search for pastures new. About this time there was much discussion about the Salt River Valley, in Arizona. It was held forth that the region of country thereabout was one of great opportunity. He therefore decided to dispose of his Salt Lake property and make Arizona his future home. Before doing so he sought the counsel of President Brigham Young upon the subject, and the pioneer colonizer, without hesitation, advised him to go. This plan having been decided upon, the great "Mormon" leader, who had always been a friend to David, called David to go as a missionary.

David sold his home and grist-mill to the highest bidder, and prepared for his Arizona mission. He had been told that cattle were bringing fabulous prices in the new country, so he decided to make the journey with ox-teams. He bought three first-class wagons and a traveling carriage, which he

had fitted up for the occasion. At Nephi, the then terminus of the Utah Southern Railroad, he bought ten yoke of the best oxen that could be found, also about twenty head of cows. He then returned to Salt Lake to get the balance of his outfit, which was to be taken to Nephi on the cars. As soon as President Young, who was the leading spirit in the control of the railroad, learned this, he instructed the superintendent to ship David's belongings, including his family, to Nephi free of charge, which was done.

Brother Kimball, with his family and splendid outfit, was soon ready for the start south from Nephi. On the eve of his departure, imagine David's joy and satisfaction in beholding President Brigham Young, who had made a special trip to Nephi to see him off. It was the considerate thoughtfulness of a magnanimous leader, which David was not slow to recognize and appreciate.

After giving David some valuable instructions, President Young placed his hands upon his head and gave him a blessing, which fairly made the Arizona missionary's nerves tingle. He then blessed Sister Kimball and the children, and bade them farewell. That was the last time that David saw his dear friend President Brigham Young, who passed to the other side a little more than a month later.

Early on the morning of July 14, 1877, David P. Kimball and family, accompanied by his brother Solomon and Edward E. Jones and family, started

on their eight-hundred-mile journey to the South. They reached St. George about the middle of August. They had learned by this time, through sad experience, that they had made the mistake of their lives in starting with cattle, but, of course, it was now too late to change the situation.

The road for one hundred and sixty miles ahead was very bad. Water and feed were also extremely scarce. However, they worried along until they



Edward E. Jones and wife, who accompanied David P. Kimball on his journey to Arizona, in 1877.

reached Pierce's Ferry, on the Colorado River, about one hundred miles south of St. George. Here they were compelled to remain a few days in order to rest their animals. While at this place an Indian, who had been sent from St. George by Brother David H. Cannon, brought the "Deseret News," containing an account of President Young's death. This sad message, in connection with the troublesome times they were passing through, multiplied their sorrows. It was a great shock to Brother Kimball, and he could not have felt worse had it been his own father.

The quicksands along the river bank at this point made it dangerous for the cattle when they came to drink, and on several occasions they had to be pulled out of the treacherous sand to save them from being buried alive. It was also a bad place for rattlesnakes, but fortunately none of the stock were bitten by them.

As soon as the animals were sufficiently rested, another start was made, this time on one of the roughest roads over which ox teams ever traveled. It was through what was called the "Grand South Gulch of the Colorado River." Every foot of the way, for twenty miles or more, lay over rough bed-rock. By the time the teams emerged from the head of that rocky gulch, the oxen were so foot-sore they could scarcely walk.

Driving about ten miles further, they came to Cane Springs, where they found plenty of feed and water. Here they remained for a month or more.

until their worn and footsore animals were able to continue on the way. Two miles south of the spring lived a small band of Hualpai Indians, who were terribly wrought up in their feelings when they found, as they believed, that the white man had taken possession of their rich grazing lands.

In a remarkably short time after the Kimballs had settled in camp, the old chief, dressed in his best, with a look that bespoke his feelings better than words could express, came to interview them. He began by haranguing the bystanders in regular Indian fashion, at the same time swinging his arms and pointing to the mountains, hills and plains. He was able to make it known sufficiently and most forcibly to all present that unless the company removed and thus relieved the situation, some one of the company would certainly lose his scalp.

As soon as the old fellow had completed his address, Brother Kimball; who had no hair to spare, led him to the table, where he spent an hour or more in feasting upon the good things placed before him. Then came the pipe of peace, and soon the old man was wending his way homeward as one satisfied with everything his heart could desire.

Before leaving Nephi, the sixteen yoke of oxen that belonged to the Kimball party had been shod, but the last two hundred miles of road had worn the shoes out, and the result was that the feet of the animals were so tender that they could scarcely walk. It was more than a hundred miles to the

nearest blacksmith shop, and the first seventy miles of that distance was over a barren desert. Supplies were running short, winter was near at hand, and things began to look serious for the Kimball party.

While facing this undesirable condition, a happy thought passed through Brother Kimball's mind. It was to send the old chief to Mineral Park after shoes and nails. The distance by road was one hundred and five miles, and there was but one place along the route where water could be obtained. It would be a hard trip on the old man, of course, but if he was successful in carrying out the instructions given him, it meant a good deal to the Kimball party. If he failed, however, it would be difficult to tell what would happen!

After the subject had been discussed from various standpoints, the aged Hualpai was entrusted with a full set of instructions to the Mineral Park blacksmith, and he was given thirty dollars in cash to pay for the nails and shoes. He was also furnished with a can of water and enough hardtack and jerked beef to last him until he returned. On the day of his departure, and as soon as he had eaten his breakfast and had his morning smoke, he bade farewell to his palefaced brethren and started on his two-hundred-and-ten-mile jaunt.

Before starting on his journey, the old chief, who knew the country from A to Z, left the impression that he would be back within ten days, provided he had to wait no longer than three days for the blacksmith to complete his work. Some of the company

censured Mr. Kimball for placing so much confidence in the old fellow, but David, who was a man of discernment, knew that the chief would be true to his trust, even if it cost him his life.

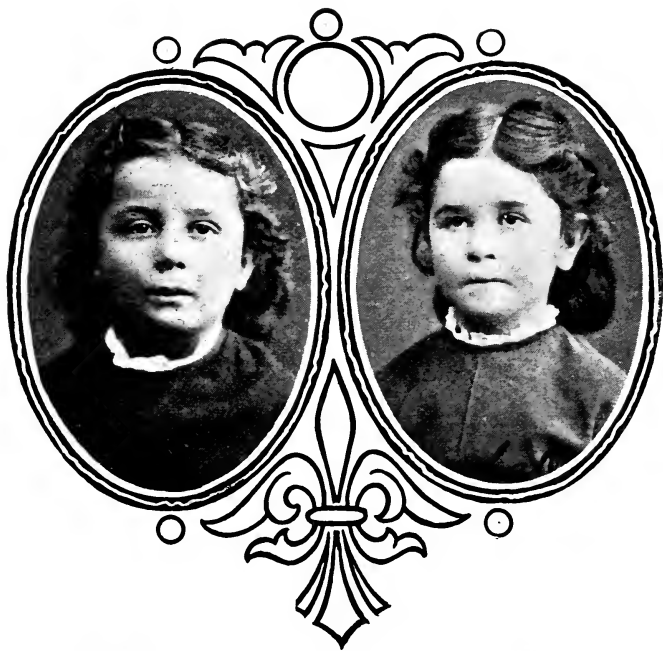
On the seventh day from the time he started on his perilous journey, just before sundown, a dark figure was seen by members of the Kimball camp, working its way through the deep grass in the distance. It was thought by some of the company to be a wild beast of some kind. At first, only little attention was paid to it, but as it drew nearer, all eyes were turned in that direction. It finally took the form of a man, which caused a general sensation throughout the camp. Everybody by this time was on the tiptoe of expectancy, and in a few moments their surprise was complete when the old man came limping into camp with thirty pounds of ox-shoes and nails lashed to his back.

It was difficult to believe that it was the same man, for he had dwindled almost to skin and bones. His belt, which contained seven holes, had been drawn to the limit. He was so reduced in flesh and strength that it required several days to restore him to his normal condition.

The next day after his arrival the ox-shoeing was begun in real earnest. It was no easy task, for every ox had to be thrown and tied. After the oxen were shod, their feet were so tender that it required considerable turpentine which, luckily, the camp possessed, to remove the soreness. Within a week from the time the old man returned, the Kimball party were ready for another start.

On the second day of October, 1877, David P. Kimball, at the head of his little company, continued on his way; this time over a seventy-mile desert marked only by a dim wagon trail. For the next three days and nights man, woman, child and animals were tested to the limit. It was a life and death struggle for them all, and had it not been for an Overruling Power, working in their behalf, not one of them would have lived to tell the tale.

About eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th,



Lola and Effa, daughters of David P. Kimball, 1877.

they struck a sandy wash and lost their way. The children were crying for water, and humans as well as animals were famishing. What to do under such conditions was enough to drive the ordinary man insane, but their wise leader, who on other occasions had passed through similar experiences, was not easily discouraged. Well versed in the wisdom and instinct of animals, under such conditions, he gave orders to the drivers to unyoke their cattle and give them full liberty to go wherever they wanted to. His past experience had taught him that they would find water if it was anywhere to be found. He also had two of the strongest men in the company, his brother Solomon and Edward E. Jones, mount horses and follow the thirsty and tired animals in any direction which they might go.

These instructions were carried out to the letter, and soon the famishing herd of horn stock, with their heads lifted high, started in an easterly direction, as rapidly as their tired limbs could carry them. The men on horseback followed. Every little distance they passed animals of the herd that had given out on the way, but the men continued to follow the main herd until nearly daylight, when suddenly they came to a beautiful spring of water. The scene that followed can better be imagined than described! Within two hours from the time the strongest animals had reached the spring a number of those left behind came staggering along. Others had died.

After a few hours rest the men drove the cattle-

back to camp, a distance of about ten miles, and were overjoyed to learn that David had found the Hackberry water, two miles away, which was the means of saving the lives of the campers. The water here was in a deep well, which doubtless accounts for the animals not scenting it. If the Kimball party had discovered the nearby water that night it would have prevented the death of many of their cattle, to say nothing of the trouble it caused them in other directions. Water, in that part of the country, is so scarce that one may travel from fifty to sixty miles in almost any direction without finding it, a fact which shows the danger lurking in Arizona deserts to strangers traveling without a guide.

The next morning Mr. Kimball's four horses could not be found, and their disappearance caused great alarm in camp, as the loss of these animals under such trying circumstances was a very serious matter. For nine days following, the men folks scoured the country for thirty miles around, but not a trace of them could be found. Finally the Indians took up the hunt, and on the eleventh day from the time the animals were lost, the Indians found them on Table Mountain, where they had been without water during that time. Their condition when found was pitiable beyond description. Two of them never recovered from the effects. There was but one place where the horses could climb to the top of that mountain. This they had found, but after they reached the flat, they were

unable to retrace their steps, other descents being too steep and rocky. Hence, also, the Kimball party were unable to track them.

Hackberry was an old, deserted mining camp, and a California company had just started it up again. Mr. Kimball and companions here traded what cattle they had left for horses and mules, and remained there about two years in order to get another outfit, so that they might continue on their way.

All the supplies for this camp were brought up the Colorado river on steamboats to Hardysville, which is two miles south of Call's Landing, from which place the "Mormons" of southern Utah at one time obtained their supplies. Hackberry lies about seventy-five miles northeast of this place, and at only three points along this route can water be obtained. It was over this road that David hauled freight for about two years, the Hackberry company allowing him three dollars per hundred. The business paid very well, as the round trip could be made in a little over a week.

By the middle of September, 1879, Mr. Kimball had saved sufficient means to enable him to continue on his journey. When he reached Prescott, he contracted with the merchants of that place to haul one hundred thousand feet of lumber from a saw mill to the town. This occupied several months of his time. While here, he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Bryan, who offered him three dollars a hundred to haul a stampmill from Walnut

Grove into the Prescott Mountains. The temptation was so great, owing to the shortness of the haul, that he accepted the offer. From the Grove to the mine the distance was only eighteen miles.

After loading his teams with sufficient supplies to last three months, he moved his outfit over to Walnut Grove, where he went to work on his contract. Few men had a wider experience in handling teams than David, but he learned many new lessons along these lines before his contract was completed. He had three first-class six-horse teams, and his companions, Solomon F. Kimball and Edward E. Jones, each had one. Two tons of machinery was loaded onto each wagon, and bright and early the following morning the start was made. After a hard day's drive they were highly delighted with the fact that they had covered at least one-third of the distance to the Tiger mine. That was making money so fast that they could hardly sleep that night for thinking about it!

Another start was made the next morning, but before they had gone far they came to a mountain that was very nearly perpendicular. After Captain Kimball had looked over the situation, he had ten span of horses hitched to the first wagon, which meant two hundred pounds to the horse, and then the work began. Every man was at his post, some blocking wheels, others whooping up the leaders, and every driver in the lot yelling at the top of his voice. The distance to the crest of the hill was about a quarter of a mile, and by dark the five

wagons were landed on the summit. Two miles were made that day. This was making money so slowly that they could hardly sleep that night for thinking about it!

The next morning they continued their journey, this time over a much better road; two miles of it being on down grade. Six miles were covered before dark, making thirteen miles which they had traveled since they left home three days before. That meant that five miles only lay between them and the mine, but they little realized what was yet ahead of them!

On the fourth day they early came to a rocky hill, called "Hell," even to look at which made them perspire. It required every team in the outfit to haul a load to the top. It was so steep and rocky that not more than half of the animals were able to stand on their feet at the same time. Many of the strongest chains were broken before that day's work was over, and they had gone only two miles.

After another hard day's drive over hills and rocks, the Tiger mine was finally reached. It was located on one of the topmost peaks of the Prescott range of mountains, some eight or ten thousand feet above sea level, and afforded a splendid view of the Salt River and Gila Valleys to the south. The altitude of the mountain from this point to the valley below is not less than six or seven thousand feet, and the descent is almost perpendicular. The Kimball party unloaded their

wagons that night and the next day drove home in less than seven hours. The following day was a Sunday, and they made it a day of rest in very deed. After six days of hard work, even the jaded animals showed their appreciation of the change as they lay stretched out beneath the shady trees of a walnut grove. After two months of strenuous work, the Kimball-Bryan contract was completed to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Kimball then moved his family and outfit to Kirkland Valley, about twenty-five miles northwest, where he remained until spring.

By the first of May, 1880, all arrangements had been made by David to move his family to the Salt River Valley, in order to fill the mission to which he had been called three years before. However, before starting on his one-hundred-and-fifty-mile journey, he made a trip to Prescott after lumber which was to be used in the construction of his Arizona home. Three weeks later he reached Mesa, then a small "Mormon" settlement eighteen miles east of Phoenix. After looking over the country for several days, he purchased a tract of land on the Salt River bottoms, three miles north of Mesa, at a place called Jonesville, and commenced to build a home. There were a number of families at the time living in this section of country who were members of the "Mormon" Church, but there seemed to be no organization among them. They had neither meetings nor school, nor any public place to hold them.



*Zula Pomeroy, wife of Solomon F. Kimball, first school
teacher of Jonesville.*

In less than a year from the time Brother Kimball arrived, he purchased a piece of ground in the central portion of the town and, with the help of the people, built a meeting house that must have cost him not less than one thousand dollars. From that time on, Jonesville had religious services on Sundays, and a first-class school during the week.

Much of David's time was spent in freighting goods from the Maricopa railroad station to Prescott, lumber being hauled on the return trip. While making one of these jaunts during the month of November, 1881, he was caught in a snowstorm at Prescott, resulting in a severe cold which brought on pneumonia and lung fever. In a letter



*Helen Mar Whitney and her brother, Col. Heber
P. Kimball.*

to his sister Helen, under date of January 8, 1882, he gives an account of a remarkable experience he passed through while on his journey home. When the writer returned from Arizona, in 1886, he came in possession of this letter, and being conversant with the facts it contained, sent it to President John Taylor, that he might obtain his opinion in relation to it. After reading the letter, President Taylor returned it with instructions to have it published, as it contained a true vision, and would prove valuable among the Saints. Agreeable to these instructions, received from President Taylor, it was published in a little volume called "Helpful Visions," the fourteenth book of the Faith-promoting Series, and afterwards published as an appendix to the "Life of Heber C. Kimball." In both cases it was edited by Bishop Orson F. Whitney. It is given here just as it came from the pen of Brother Kimball:

"On the 4th of November, I took a very severe cold in a snowstorm at Prescott, being clad in light clothing, which brought on pneumonia or lung fever. I resorted to Jamaica ginger and pepper tea to obtain relief and keep up my strength till I could reach home and receive proper care. On the 13th I camped in a canyon ten miles west of Prescott, my son Patten being with me. We had a team of eight horses and two wagons. That night I suffered more than death. The next night we camped at Mr. McIntyre's, about twenty miles farther on. I stopped there two nights and one day, during

which time I took nothing to drink but pepper tea. On the 16th we drove to Black's ranch, twenty-eight miles nearer home, and were very comfortably located in Mr. Black's house.

"About 11 p. m., I awoke and to my surprise saw some six or eight men standing around my bed. I had no dread of them, but felt that they were my friends. At the same time I heard a voice which seemed to come from an eight-square (octagon) clock on the opposite side of the house. It commenced talking and blackguarding, which drew my attention, when I was told to pay no attention to it. At this point I heard the most beautiful singing I ever listened to in all my life. These were the words, repeated three times by a choir: 'God bless Brother David Kimball.' I at once distinguished among them the voice of my second wife, Julia Merrill, who in life was a good singer. This, of course, astonished me. Just then my father commenced talking to me, the voice seeming to come from a long distance. He commenced by telling me of his associations with President Young, the Prophet Joseph, and others in the spirit world, then enquired about his children, and seemed to regret that his family were so scattered, and said there would be a great reformation in his family inside of two years. He also told me where I should live, also yourself and others, and a great many other things. I conversed freely with father, and my words were repeated three times by as many different persons, exactly as I spoke them,

until they reached him, and then his words to me were handed down in a like manner.

"After all this I gave way to doubt, thinking it might be only a dream, and to convince myself that I was awake, I got up and walked outdoors into the open air.

"I returned, and still the spirit of doubt was upon me. To test it further I asked my wife Julia to sing me a verse of one of her old songs. At that, the choir, which had continued singing, stopped and she sang the song through, every word being distinct and beautiful. The name of the song was, 'Does He Ever Think of Me?'

"My eyes were now turned toward the south, and there, as in a large parquette, I beheld hundreds, even thousands, of friends and relatives. I was then given the privilege of asking questions, and did so. This lasted for some time, after which the singing commenced again, directly above me. I now wrapped myself in a pair of blankets and went out-doors, determined to see the singers, but could see nothing, though I could hear the voices just the same. I returned to my couch and the singing, which was all communicative and instructive, continued until the day dawned. All this time the clock I have mentioned continued its cursing and blackguarding.

"Mr. and Mrs. Black were up in due time and got breakfast. I arose and made my toilet, plain as it was, and took breakfast with my host and hostess. When my boy got ready to start, I went to pay my

bill, and to my surprise heard a voice say or communicate: 'David Kimball has paid his bill.' When I got into the wagon, my guards, or those who were around my bed during the night, were still with me. My father had told me that he and President Young and others would visit me the next night.

"We drove on until about 11 a. m., when a host of evil spirits made their appearance. They were determined to destroy me, but I had power of mind to pay no attention to them, and let them curse all day without heeding them any more than possible. Five times they made a rush en masse to come into the wagon, the last one, where I was, but were kept off by my friends (spiritual). About 2 p. m. I told my boy to stop and we would water our horses. We used for this purpose barrels that we had along with us. After this I walked to the west side of my wagons, and looking to the east, I saw and heard the evil spirits floating in the air and chanting curses upon Brigham Young. I saw two other groups of the same kind, but did not hear them. Then I looked to the south and the whole atmosphere was crowded with fallen spirits, or those who had not obtained bodies. Others who tried to torment me were spirits who had lived upon the earth. Having seen so many and being complimented by my guard for seeing so well, I became a little timid and asked my spiritual friends if they had any help. The answer was, 'Yes, plenty.' I now told my boy to drive on—he was entirely

oblivious of all that was taking place with me—and soon after I was so exhausted that I fell into a troubled sleep and must have slept quite a little while.

“After I awoke I seemed to be left alone, and was lying on my back, when, all at once, I saw an old man and two young girls. This vision coming on me suddenly, I was startled, and finding my guard gone, I jumped out of the wagon and got up on the spring seat beside my boy. But I could not get away from them. I was told in a coarse, gruff voice that the devil was going to kill me, and that he would follow me night and day until he destroyed me. I remembered the promise father had made me the night before—that he intended to visit me the next evening—and I nerved up and tried to pay no attention to my persecutors, but I must confess I was frightened.

“We arrived at Wickenburg just at sundown. The old man and the girls were tormenting and tantalizing me all the way, but never coming very near me. We got supper and I took a room at People’s hotel and retired about 10 p. m. When everything was quiet my spirit friends, eight in number, returned and my tormentors were required to leave. Soon after, a glorious vision burst upon me. There were thousands of the Saints presented to me, many who had died at Nauvoo, in Winter Quarters, on the plains, and in Utah.

“I saw Brother Pugmire and many others whom I did not know were dead. When my mother



Vilate M. Kimball, mother of David P. Kimball, 1866.

came to me it was so real and I was so everjoyed that I exclaimed aloud. So powerful was this vision that I asked President Young, who seemed to be directing matters, three times to relieve me, or I would faint. A great many others passed in regular order, and I recognized nearly all of them, and was told the names of all I did not know. My father sat in a chair with his legs crossed and his hands clasped together, as we have often seen him. Those who passed along had hidden him from my view till then.

"This scene vanished, and I was then taken in the vision into a vast building, which was built on the plan of the Order of Zion. I entered through a south door and found myself in a part of the building which was unfinished, though a great many workmen were busy upon it. My guide showed me all through this half of the house, and then took me through the other half, which was finished. The richness, grandeur and beauty of it defied description. There were many apartments in the house, which was very spacious, and they differed in size and the fineness of the workmanship, according to the merits on earth of those who were to occupy them. I felt most at home in the unfinished part, among the workmen. The upper part of the house was filled with Saints, but I could not see them, though some of them conversed with me, my father and mother, Uncle Joseph Young and others.

"My father told me many things, and I received

many reproofs for my wrong-doings. Yet he was loth to have me leave, and seemed to feel very badly when the time came for me to go. He told me I could remain there if I chose to do so, but I pleaded with him that I might stay with my family long enough to make them comfortable, to repent of my sins, and more fully prepare myself for the change. Had it not been for this, I never should have returned home, except as a corpse. Father finally told me I could remain two years, and to do all the good I could during that time, after which he would come for me; he mentioned four others that he would come for also, though he did not say it would be at the same time.

"On the 18th of November, about noon, we left Wickenburg (which is twenty-two miles from Black's Ranch where we stopped the previous night) on our journey home. I was exhausted from what I had experienced, and could feel my mind fast giving away, but I had confidence that I would reach home alive. There were no elders to administer to me and no kind friends to look after my wants except my son, who had all he could do in looking after eight horses and two wagons. As my mind wandered and grew weaker, I was troubled and led by influences over which I had no power, and my friends, the good spirits, had all left me.

"We drove about twenty miles that afternoon, camping about eight miles from water, on the Salt River desert, which is about fifty miles across. Dur-

ing the fore part of the night I heard the horses running as though they were frightened. My son was asleep, but I got up and put my overcoat across my shoulders and went out where they were and got them quieted down. I was about to return to the wagon, when that same old man with gray whiskers, who had tormented me before, stepped between me and the wagons. He had a long knife in his hand. I was frightened and fled, he pursuing me and telling me he was going to kill me. What I passed through I cannot describe, and no mortal tongue could tell. I wandered two days and three nights in the Salt River desert, undergoing the torments of the damned, most of the time, which was beyond anything that mortal could imagine.

“When my mind was restored, and the fever which had raged within me had abated, I found myself lying on a bleak hill-top, lost in the desert, chilled, hungered, thirsty and feeble. I had scarcely any clothing on, was barefooted, and my body full of cactus from head to foot. My hands were a perfect mat of thorns and briars. This, with the knowledge that no one was near me, made me realize the awful condition I was in. I could not walk. I thought I would take my life, but had no knife or anything to do it with. I tried to cut an artery in my arm with a sharp rock I had picked up, hoping I might bleed to death, but even this was denied me. The wolves and ravens were hovering around me, anxiously awaiting my death. I had a



*State Senator Quincy K. Kimball, third son of
David P. Kimball.*

long stick and I thought I would dig a deep hole and cover myself up the best I could, so the wolves would not devour my body until I could be found by my friends.

"On the night of the 21st, I could see a fire about twenty-five miles to the south, and felt satisfied that it was my friends coming after me. I knew the country where I was; I was about eight miles from houses where I could have got plenty of water and something to eat, but my strength was gone and my feet were so sore I could not stand up. Another long and dreary day passed, but I could see nothing but wolves and ravens and a barren desert covered with cactus, and had about made up my mind that the promise of two years' life, made by my father, was not to be realized. While in this terrible plight, and when I had just about given up all hope, my father and mother appeared to me and gave me a drink of water and comforted me, telling me I would be found by my friends who were out searching for me, and that I should live two years longer as I had been promised. When night came I saw another fire a few hundred yards from me and could see my friends around it, but I was so hoarse I could not make them hear. By this time my body was almost lifeless and I could hardly move, but my mind was in a perfect condition and I could realize everything that happened around me.

"On the morning of the 23rd, at daylight, here they came, about twenty in all, two of my own

sons, my nephew William, Bishop E. Pomeroy, John Lewis, John Blackburn, Wiley Jones and others, all friends and relatives from the Mesa, who had tracked me between seventy-five and one hundred miles. I shook hands with them, and they were all overjoyed to see me alive, although in such a pitiable plight. My own feelings I shall not undertake to describe. I told them to be very careful how they let me have water, at first. They rolled me up in some blankets and put me on a buckboard and appointed John Lewis to look after me as doctor and nurse. After I had taken a few swallows of water, I was almost frantic for more, but they wisely refused to let me have it except in small doses every half hour.

"I had about seventy-five miles to ride home. We arrived at my place in Jonesville on the afternoon of the 24th of November, when my wife and family took charge of me and I was tenderly and carefully nourished. In a few days I was around again. I told my experience to President McDonald, Bishop Pomeroy, C. I. Robson and others, and most of them believed me, but my word was doubted by some. I told them I had just two years to live, so they could tell whether it was a true manifestation or not.

"Now, dear sister, you have a little of your brother David's experience. I know these things were shown to me for my own good, and it was no dream but a glorious and awful reality. My story is believed by my brethren who have respect

for me. I will console myself with the knowledge I have obtained. Let the world wag on, and let hell and the devil keep up their warfare against the Saints of God. I know for myself that "Mor-



David Patten, Jr., and Thos. S., sons of David P. Kimball

monism" is true. With God's help, while I live, I shall strive to do good, and I will see you before long and tell you all, as it never will be blotted out of my memory.

"With kind regards, in which my wife and children join, I remain, as ever,

"Your affectionate brother,

"David P. Kimball."

On the morning of November 19th, when Patten awoke and missed his father he thought probably he had gone out to hunt for the horses, and felt no uneasiness concerning him. He made a fire, prepared breakfast and waited some time, but could not see or hear him anywhere. The horses came strolling into camp and were tied up, fed and watered. Patten then ate his meal and saddled a horse and rode back towards Wickenburg, until he came to a small place called Seymour on the Hassayampa but could learn nothing of his father's whereabouts. He went back to the wagon and hunted the country close around camp but found nothing but his father's overcoat, which was a few hundred yards from the wagon. It being an old camp-ground, it was impossible to find his tracks. He finally came to the conclusion that he had gone towards home, so he hitched up his team and drove homeward until he came to Mr. Calderwood's at Agua Fria (Cold Water). At this place there was a well dug on the desert about twenty miles from Salt River. Patten had traveled about twenty-two miles before reaching this point, but was disappointed in not hearing anything of his father. He had traveled all night and Mr. Calderwood was up and around when he arrived. He related his story to him and was advised by him to leave his team there and take the best pair of horses, and hitch them to his buckboard and go on to the Mesa. Here he could get help to come and hunt for the missing man. The distance was

forty miles, which would take all the rest of the day (the 20th). He acted on the advice, however, and arrived at his destination at 9 p. m. The news was circulated, and in less than two hours, twenty of the best and most experienced men at Mesa and Jonesville were on the road, taking Patten back with them. They also took a wagon to carry water and provisions, but most of them were on the best of horses. They had sixty miles to ride, before beginning the search, which was accomplished by daylight next morning. After feeding their horses and eating a lunch they held a consultation and agreed to abide by the following rule. If any one of the party found his tracks he was to make a smoke and this would call the others in that direction. They then started out in different directions. They scoured the country until about noon, when Sern Sornson and Charles Rogers found his tracks. They supposed they were about twelve miles from where he was lost, and about ten miles from Agua Fria, close to the main road on the south side. They soon gathered some brush and started a fire, putting on plenty of green weeds, etc., to cause a smoke, and soon attracted the attention of their comrades. His tracks were followed. They wound round and round, going in no particular direction. Some places he would cross his tracks eight or ten times in going one hundred yards, which made it quite difficult to follow.

After spending a part of the afternoon trailing him up, the tracks finally took a direct course lead-

ing to the north. By this time all the searching party were together.

Another meeting was held and the plan adopted was for eight horsemen, four on each side of his tracks, to ride at a considerable distance apart, so as to cut off the track if it turned to the right or left, and two or three of the best trailers to keep on the tracks, while the buckboard and wagon followed up. These were out of sight most of the time, as very good time was made by the trailers after this plan was adopted. The ground was quite soft, and those on the trail would gallop their horses for miles, but darkness soon put an end to their work for this day, a good thing for both men and animals.

They had traveled upwards of one hundred miles in about twenty hours. They were working men and had plenty of strength to carry them through under all circumstances. They camped on the highest ground that could be found close by, and made a large fire which was kept up all night by those on guard.

As soon as it was light enough to see the tracks, every man was at his place moving as fast as he could under the circumstances.

This was the morning of the 22nd. One great drawback they met with that day was that when they would come to a deep ravine where water had run during rainy weather, the tracks would follow up sometimes for miles and then continue in the former direction. Places would frequently be

found in the sand where the lost one had dug down for water with his hands. Now and then they would find a piece of his clothing and see places where he had run into the fox-tail cactus, cat's-claw and other thorny bushes. One place was found where he had broken off the limb of a tree for a walking stick. The party followed his tracks all day without stopping, only as they were obliged to, on account of losing the trail or from some other cause.



Crozier and Heber Chase, sons of David P. Kimball.

Darkness overtook them again, but nothing could be heard or seen of the missing man. They slept on his tracks, keeping up a fire all night as before. His sons and others could not rest, and followed his tracks after dark by striking matches and putting them close to the ground to see if they might possibly find him. Some thought they could hear a sound, but it was so indistinct they could not discern the direction from which it came. It was indeed he who called, for they were then only a few hundred yards from him, but he was too hoarse to make them hear. On the morning of the 23rd at daylight his anxious friends were on his tracks, and had gone but a short distance when Charles Peterson saw him. He had a long staff in his hand, and had raised up as high as he could get, being on one knee and the other foot on the ground and was stretching himself as far as he could and looking eagerly for their arrival. The crowd made a rush, and in a few seconds were with him, Bishop E. Pomeroy being the first. He was in his right mind and knew all present, and was glad to shake them by the hand, calling each by name. He was in good spirits and joked the boys frequently and gave them instructions to be careful in giving him water, etc. There was no water except in a canteen that had been reserved for his especial use. The company suffered themselves for want of water. They had traveled upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in less than forty-eight hours.

David had dug a deep hole with his stick and

had used his hands to move the dirt. He said he was digging his own grave. He was rolled in blankets and put on the buckboard. All drove to the nearest houses, seven or eight miles distant, on the Hassayampa, where all refreshed themselves with water and something to eat. Soon they were on the road homeward. They drove to Mr. Calderwood's, which was about thirty miles, and stayed all night. He was very kind to all and told them to help themselves to anything he had, such as hay, grain and food. He acted the gentleman in every respect. A large number of men had also left Phoenix in search of David, among them the U. S. marshal, and others. Men and Indians were riding over the desert in every direction. Next morning the company drove to Jonesville, forty miles distant, where they arrived about 3 p. m.

David was carried into his house where he was surrounded by his loving wife and children.

When he recounted his experiences, he said that one thing that kept him from choking to death for want of water, was the damp pebbles which he dug from low ravines and held them in his mouth. The Indians said that no human being could walk as far as he did, go without water, and live four days and five nights. The party that found him said he must have walked at least seventy-five miles, some said one hundred.

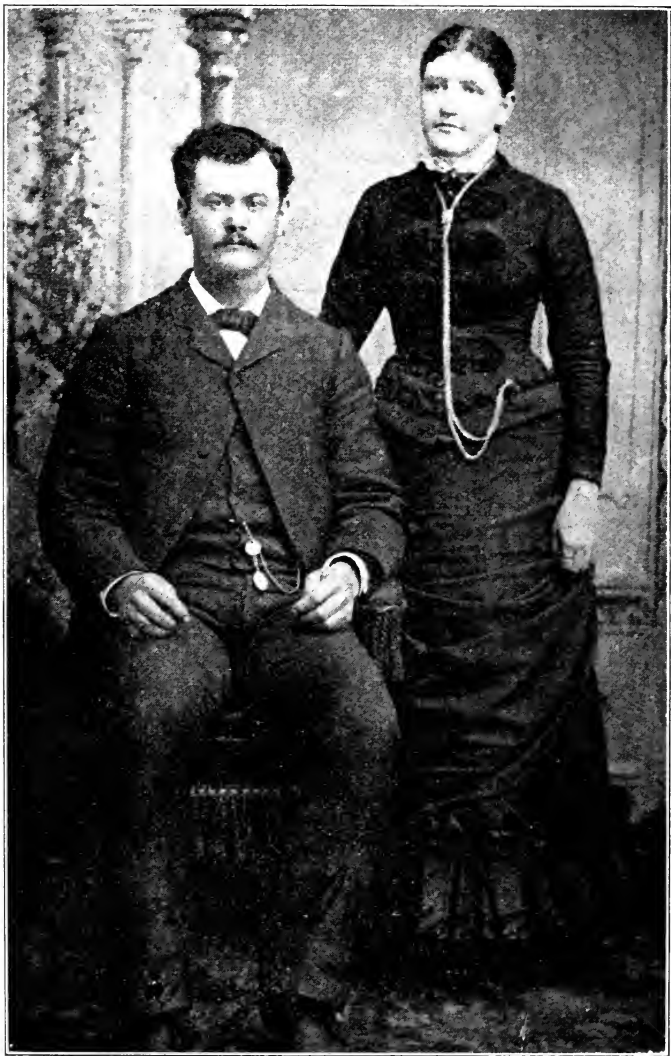
He testified that on the afternoon of the 22nd, his father and mother came and gave him water and told him that his friends would find him. His

clothing was all gone except his under garments, which were badly torn.

Before leaving home on his trip to Prescott, David had worked several days fixing up his books and accounts, and burning up all useless papers, after which he told his wife that he felt different in starting on this trip from anything he had ever felt before. He said it seemed to him that he should never return. He told her that if this proved to be the case, he had fixed his business up in such a shape that she would have no trouble, and would know as much about it as himself. She frequently spoke of these curious remarks, and felt considerably worried. When the news came that he was lost, all was plain to her, and she never expected to see him come home alive. Nothing could comfort her and she watched night and day until he was brought home.

David was never satisfied with his Jonesville home, on account of certain conditions that surrounded the place, and he therefore traded his farm and improvements for a home on the Mesa. When he had settled down in his new quarters, he contracted with the government to furnish Fort McDowell with eight hundred cords of wood, to be delivered within a specified time. Instead of making twelve or fifteen hundred dollars out of his contract he gave his friends and relatives the full benefit of it.

A number of the most influential citizens of Mesa were closely connected with Brother Kimball in

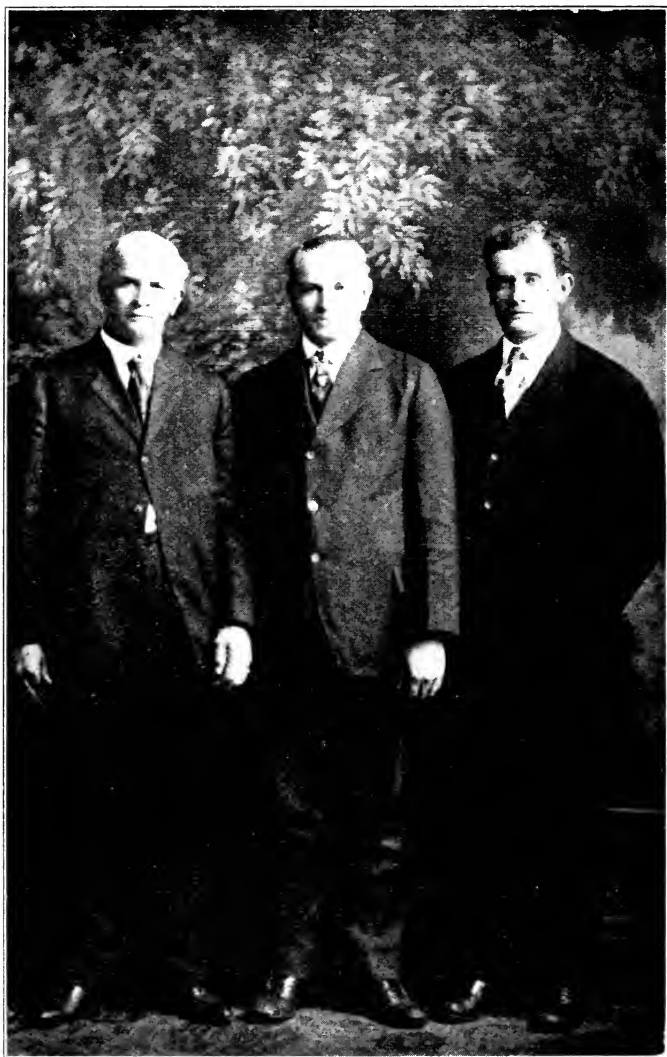


*Thomas S. Kimball, son of David P. Kimball, and his
wife, Fannie, 1890.*

business and religious affairs, when he was president of the Bear Lake Stake of Zion, and they knew his worth. In fact, he became so popular with the people of that community that it caused jealousy among other prominent members of the Mesa ward. He was called afterwards to preside over a small colony of Saints who had settled near the headwaters of the San Pedro river. This call was a great disappointment to David, in many ways; but, without a murmur, he made the sacrifice.

He now disposed of his Salt River property, and began his two-hundred-mile journey to the southeast, to comply with this new call. Reaching his destination, he lost no time in building a comfortable home, and soon surrounded himself with other improvements that were an honor to the community in which he lived. With the help of the people, he built a canal and soon St. David was organized into a ward. He was chosen bishop. He later became a member of the county school board of that district, a position he held as long as he lived.

The new section of country, extending as far north as the Gila Valley, soon came into prominence, resulting in the organization of the St. Joseph stake of Zion, with Christopher Layton president and David P. Kimball, first counselor. But the latter was not destined to hold that position very long. His days on earth were fast drawing to a close. It will be remembered that in writing



*Heber Chase, Quince K., and Thatcher Kimball, sons
of David P. Kimball, 1917.*

to his sister Helen, under date of Jan. 8, 1882, he made this statement: "Father finally told me that I could remain two years longer, after which he would come for me, and also mentioned the names of four others that he would come for. I will see you before long, and tell you all, as it never will be blotted out of my memory."

During the fall of 1883, David paid a visit to Salt Lake City, to see his relatives and friends, to whom he confirmed by his own lips all that his letter contained, and told many other things relating to his remarkable experience. He seemed a little reticent to most of his friends, and talked but little of his strange experience, feeling pained that so many seemed to doubt his word, and being unwilling to make himself obtrusive. When he bade his friends farewell, there was something about him which seemed to say that he was taking leave of them for all time. His visit, no doubt, was made with that object in view, for it was nearly two years from the time he was lost on the desert. Soon after he returned to St. David, almost the first news that came from there was the tidings of his death.

A letter from his nephew, Charles S. Whitney, who was then living with him, written home on the 22nd of November, 1883, contained this:

"Uncle David died this morning at half-past six, easily, and apparently without a bit of pain. Shortly before he died, he looked up and called, 'Father, father!' All night long he had called for Uncle Heber. You remember hearing him tell how



*Monument of David P. Kimball and his wife Caroline,
St. David, Arizona.*

grandpa came to him when he was lost on the desert, and how he pleaded for two more years and was given that much longer to stay. Last Saturday, the day he was so bad, was just two years from the day he was lost, and today is just two years from the day his father and mother came to him and gave him a drink of water, and told him that his friends would find him and he should live two years longer. He knew that he was going to die, and bade Aunt Caroline goodbye, day before yesterday."

During the last two years of his life David revealed to three of his personal friends the names of the four persons whom his father had told him in vision that he should come for, at or near the time when he would return for him. He exacted the promise from these friends (who, it seems, had some doubt regarding the divine nature of his vision, which doubt he was anxious to dispel) that they would not divulge the names of these individuals until after their death. The names, with respective dates of decease, are as follows:

William H. Hooper, died December 30, 1882.

Horace K. Whitney, died November 22, 1884.

Heber P. Kimball, died February 8, 1885.

William Jennings, died January 15, 1886.

As will be seen, the longest interval given from the death of David P. Kimball is two years, one month and twenty-three days. William H. Hooper, who was the first of the four to go, preceded David

by about eleven months, while Horace K. Whitney, the second to depart, followed him one year later to a day.



Viroque, an Indian girl presented by Thomas S. Williams to his daughter, Caroline M. Kimball, when the child was eight years of age.

OTHER SKETCHES

A WORTHY PROPHET



Heber C. Kimball, 1867.

A Worthy Prophet

Heber Chase Kimball, prophet, pioneer, and colonizer, was born in 1801, at Sheldon, Franklin County, Vermont. His fourth great grandfather, Richard, was born in 1595, at Rattlesden, Suffolk County, England, and came to America in 1634, on the ship "Elizabeth."

President Kimball was not always understood even by his nearest and dearest friends. The greater the love he had for a man, the more severe was the test he applied to that man. This he did for a wise purpose, just as the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph and President Brigham Young, had tried him. He well understood this principle, knowing that when a righteous man is chided it makes him more humble; while on the other hand, a corrupt man becomes rebellious.

The enemies of this remarkable man, who find fault with him for the blunt and forceful expressions which he made, should read his history, and then try to imagine what they would have done under similar varying circumstances in which he found himself. In the first place, in connection with the Latter-day Saints in general, figuratively speaking, he had been made a football for fifteen years; and for no other reason than that he and they were worshiping Israel's God according to the light revealed to them from the heavens, through

their great Prophet and leader, Joseph Smith. To cap the climax, the Saints, with starvation staring them in the face, were driven fifteen hundred miles from their comfortable homes, into a howling wilderness. Then, before Heber C. Kimball and other mighty leaders had fairly established themselves in this then barren region, their persecutors were again snapping at their heels, with the hope and determination of driving them into the Pacific Ocean.

Heber C. Kimball was a man of character, determination, full of vim, a natural born financier who could accumulate wealth where an ordinary man might starve. He was God-fearing, as tender-hearted as a child, and possessed the gift of healing to a remarkable degree. His heart was filled with compassion towards all men, and his soul was full of love. He was ready at all times to give counsel to the weakest child that came in his way, and thousands of the older members of the Church remember him with love and respect. He was a man of such great discernment that it was almost impossible to deceive him. He was an ardent lover of animals, and had regard even for the lower species.

This is what President George Q. Cannon had to say about him: "Heber Chase Kimball was one of the greatest men of this age. There was a certain nobility about his disposition that would have made him conspicuous in any community. He was a man of commanding presence, with eyes so keen as to almost pierce one through, and be-

fore which the guilty involuntarily quailed. He was fearless and powerful in rebuking the wrongdoer, but kind, benevolent and fatherly to the deserving. He possessed such wonderful control over the passions of men, combined with such wisdom and diplomacy, that the Prophet Joseph Smith called him "The peace maker." His great faith, zeal, earnestness, devotion to principle, cheerfulness under the most trying circumstances, energy, perseverance and honest simplicity marked him as no ordinary man. He possessed great natural force and strong will power, yet in his submission to the Priesthood and obedience to the laws of God, he set a pattern to the whole Church. No man, perhaps, Joseph Smith excepted, who has belonged to the Church in this generation, ever possessed the gift of prophecy to a greater degree than Brother Kimball."

Apostle Franklin D. Richards, in writing of President Kimball's missionary work in England, had this to say: "The wonderful following and ingathering of souls at the opening of the British Mission, evidenced the purity and power of his apostleship which was unexcelled since the awakening in Judea by Jesus and John. According to Heber C. Kimball's own estimation, he converted and baptized into the 'Mormon' Church not less than three thousand souls."

During the troublesome times at Kirtland, Ohio, he stood so high in the estimation of the Prophet Joseph that that mighty leader recorded in his jour-

nal that Heber C. Kimball was one of the apostles who had never raised his hand against him; and President Brigham Young declared at his funeral, that he was a man of as much integrity as any man who ever lived upon the earth.

A number of the most prominent Kimballs of the United States have publicly declared that Heber Chase Kimball is the greatest Kimball that America has ever produced, and these eminent non-"Mormons" have placed his history in some of the most noted libraries in the United States and Canada.

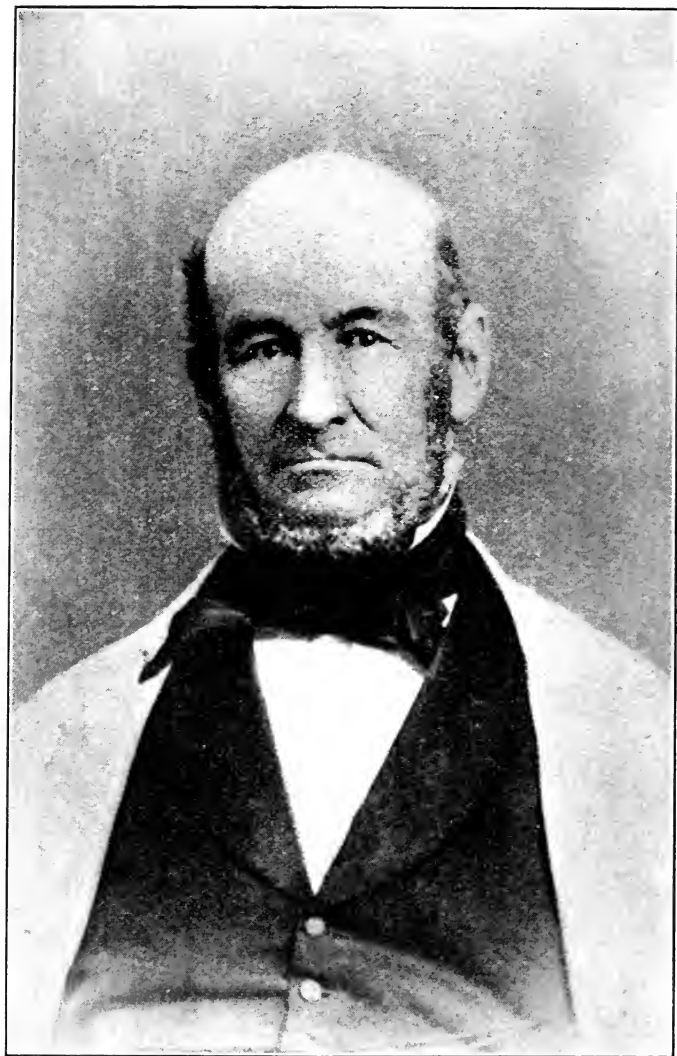
The subject of prayer was probably as well understood by him as by any other living man. When in sore trouble he pleaded with the Lord like a loving son with his earthly father, and never ceased praying till he felt the Spirit of God burning in his bosom. He often remarked that a prayer was never heard under ordinary circumstances unless such was the case.

Before family prayers he most always made a few remarks upon religious topics, or read several pages from some of the standard works of the Church; then, before he had prayed many minutes, those who were present could not only feel the Spirit of the Lord permeating their being, but at times it seemed like the whole room was filled with heavenly beings. On such occasions it was no unusual occurrence to see his family and friends with bowed heads, sobbing as if their hearts would melt within them.

The following fatherly advice given to his children many years ago, shows still further the integrity and nobility of character of this mighty man of God:

“I desire to speak to my children this morning, and while doing so I pray that I may be inspired by the Holy Ghost. My soul has mourned for the welfare of my children, and there is no parent on earth who has more tender feelings for his children than I have. When I behold the great things of God and the glory that awaits the righteous, I pray to the Lord to bless and save my children. I know that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, is true, for God has revealed it to me. Every man who rejects it will be damned, and those who receive it will be saved. Baptism is the sign of the resurrection, and it is the password whereby we enter into the kingdom of heaven. I want my children to observe these things, for we have come into a dispensation where we have got to open the door to receive all the dispensations of old. The course I take in this life will be handed down to future generations by my children. I want the older ones to set an example to the younger ones, and where there is hardness of heart, put it away. Sin, when cultivated, brings forth tyranny. If you give way to sin even a little, it will conceive in your bosom and grow. Let these things sink deep into your hearts, and if you will do so, they will prove a blessing to you.”

ANCESTRY OF HEBER C. KIMBALL



Heber C. Kimball, in 1867.

Ancestry of Heber C. Kimball

Soon after Heber C. Kimball joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, his father's family became so embittered towards him, on that account, that he was unable to secure from them anything that would lead to the discovery of his ancestry, placing him in the humiliating position of not even knowing the name of his grandfather. He was so disturbed in his mind over this condition of things that he could hardly contain himself. This was especially so after the Prophet Joseph Smith's inspired address on vicarious work for the dead had been given.

As soon as the Nauvoo Temple was completed he officiated in that holy edifice for seven of his deceased relatives, including his parents; but at this point the work for his kindred dead ceased for want of more names.

In 1853, he employed a genealogist by the name of Kane to visit his relatives in the East for the purpose of obtaining records that would enable him to learn of his grandfather, and then to continue the search along ancestral lines as far back as possible.

In the course of a year, Mr. Kane reported to President Kimball that he was unable to get access to his father's family Bible, in possession of

his sister Eliza, consequently he received no aid from that source. However, he had come into possession of other material which, he claimed, proved that the Kimball family were of Scotch descent, and that their ancient name was Campbell instead of Kimball. President Kimball, having implicit confidence in Mr. Kane's genealogical ability, joyfully accepted his report, and the Scottish idea of Campbell prevailed among the Kimball family of Utah for more than forty years afterwards, when this theory was proved untrue.

It is interesting to note how the minds of men outside of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are moved upon by unseen powers, and unwittingly made to assist those who are trying to observe the commandment to seek after and do work for the dead. In 1887 (nineteen years after President Kimball's death) a glorious spirit seemed to permeate the minds of the whole family, stirring them to action. That same year not less than four hundred of his descendants gathered at Fuller's Hill Gardens, in Salt Lake City, and such a time of rejoicing as was experienced on that occasion is seldom witnessed. Those present were inspired by unseen powers, and they partook of the prophet's declaration:

"Glad tidings for the dead; a voice of gladness for the living and the dead; glad tidings of great joy. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things; and that say unto Zion, behold! thy God reigneth.

As the dews of Carmel, so shall the knowledge of God descend upon them."

Strange to say, the same year that the Kimball family met at Fuller's Hill Gardens, Professor A. L. Morrison, of Windom, New Hampshire, whose mother was a Kimball, and Professor S. P. Sharples of Boston, Mass., whose wife was a Kimball, at about the same time and unknown to each other, both commenced work on a genealogical history of the Kimball family of America. Both of these expert genealogists continued their labors for seven years before they became acquainted with each other. After that, they became co-workers and co-editors for three more years, when they had completed one of the most perfect genealogical works published up to that time in the United States. It contains 1278 pages, and the names of 17,000 of Heber C. Kimball's ancestors. They made the remarkable discovery that all of the Kimballs of America were descendants of two brothers, Richard and Henry, who came from Rattlesden, Suffolk County, England, to America, in 1634, on the ship "Elizabeth." They visited the old Kimball homes in that part of England and traced the family name back for 500 years. The wealthy Kimballs of the United States furnished the means to carry this enterprise through, amounting to thousands of dollars.

Another remarkable coincident in connection with this genealogical question was that just previous to the coming forth of the Sharples-Morrison

publication, several representative members of the Kimball family of Utah were moved upon by the spirit of the Lord to employ Brother B. F. Cummings, of Salt Lake City, to ascertain, if possible, some facts about Heber C. Kimball's grandfather. After some time had been spent by Brother Cummings in this direction, he made the following report:

"I have discovered that James Kimball of Bradford, Mass., is the grandfather of Heber C. Kimball, and he was born at the above mentioned place November 8th, 1736. He moved from there to Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and while living there, married a young lady whose given name was Meribah. In 1796, with a family of eleven children, he moved to Sheldon, Franklin County, Vermont, where he lived the remainder of his days. His children's names are Elizabeth, John, Rhoda, Dorothy, Solomon, Betty, James, Moses, Stephen, Cornelia and Jessie."

Brother Cummings made this important discovery just in time to get these facts printed in their proper place in the Sharples-Morrison History, including a full-page portrait of President Kimball and a short sketch of his life.

Soon after this genealogical history was published, Hon. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka, Kan., commenced the publication of "The Kimball Family News," a monthly periodical of considerable importance. Each month Professors Morrison and Sharples furnished for this journal long lists of names,

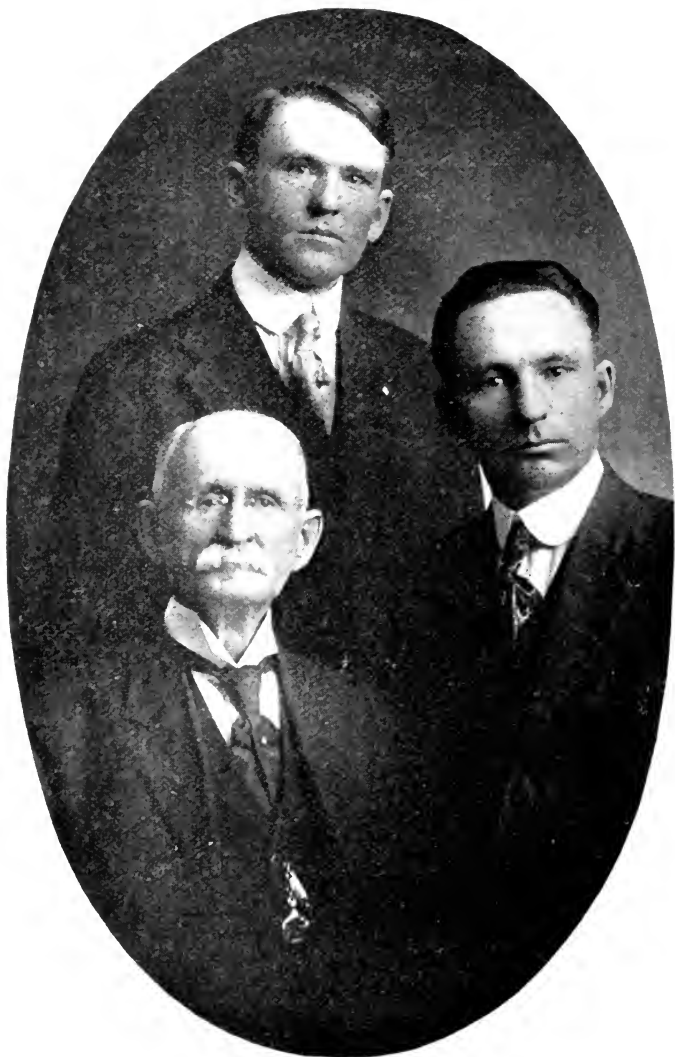
which showed the number of President Kimball's ancestors to be upwards of 20,000. All of these that were eligible have been baptized for, and upwards of 1,000 males and nearly all of the females have been endowed.

The ancestral line of the Heber C. branch of the Kimball family runs as follows: Solomon was the father of Heber, and was born in 1770. His wife's name was Anna Spaulding. Solomon's father's name was James, and he was born in 1736. His wife's given name was Meribah. James' father's name was Jeremiah, and he was born in 1707. His wife's name was Elizabeth Head. Jeremiah's father's name was David, and he was born in 1671. He married Elizabeth Gage. David's father's name was Benjamin, who was born in 1637. His wife's name was Mary Hazelton. Benjamin's father's name was Richard, the emigrant, who was born at Rattlesden, Suffolk County, England, in 1595. His wife's name was Ursula Scott.

The spiritual-minded members of the Kimball family of this intermountain region believe that their illustrious father, Heber Chase Kimball, had much to do with the coming forth of the genealogical history of the Kimball family of America, and all rejoice in the following inspired expressions of the Prophet Joseph:

"Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Emmanuel who hath ordained before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; for the prisoner shall go free."

AN EVENTFUL LIFE



*Solomon F. Kimball and his two living sons, Heber
and Farnham, 1917.*

An Eventful Life

Few old-time settlers of this intermountain region have had a more varied experience, along certain lines, than has Brother Solomon F. Kimball. When eight days old he received from President Brigham Young a blessing that fairly made his little bones tremble. It closed with these words: "Thou shalt not be a whit behind any of thy father's house in blessings, but shall receive them in due time, for thou shalt live and enjoy life, and the angels shall have charge over thee, and thou shalt have dominion over every foul spirit, and over death itself, and possess great treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and we seal you unto your father and mother, and bless you with all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Brother Kimball believes that this blessing has caused him much sorrow and trouble, as the evil one, in every way possible, has sought his destruction, in order to prove that President Brigham Young was a false prophet. To mention all the dangers and narrow escapes from death through which he has passed since that remarkable prediction was made, would fill a volume.

Solomon is the seventh son of Heber C. and Vilate M. Kimball, and was born at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, February 2, 1847. The following

lines were written by his mother several days after his birth:

“The Lord has sent another son,
The seventh one that I have borne;
His name it shall be Solomon,
As he was called the wisest man.
I pray the Lord to bless the lad
With wisdom more than Solomon had;
That he may be the father of lives
But not the husband of so many wives,
For by them he was overthrown,
And lost his heirship to the crown;
Through wisdom which he might have gained
Had that great gift with him remained.
I therefore ask the Lord again,
A kingdom let my son obtain;
But never let his love for woman
Surpass the wisdom God hath given him.”

While crossing the plains in 1848, “Solley,” as his mother called him, took a severe cold which settled in one of his lower limbs, and made him a cripple for life. When his parents reached the Salt Lake Valley, he was so reduced in flesh and strength that it was more than three years before he was able to walk. He had a visionary turn of mind; and, even in his childhood days, was so susceptible to the invisible things around him that his father called him his spiritual-minded boy. Many times he astonished his little playmates by telling them what they were thinking about. He was a lover of animals, and in later years drove his father's carriage hundreds of miles while the latter, in company with other Church officials, was making

annual visits throughout the settlements of Zion.

When the Black Hawk war of 1866 broke out, Brother Solomon was with the first company that went to the rescue of the panic-stricken people of Sanpete, Sevier, and Piute counties, who were being pillaged and plundered by a band of bloodthirsty savages, under the able leadership of the notorious renegade, Chief Black Hawk.

One year later, he was placed in charge of the mathematical department of the University of Deseret, a position he held with honor and credit until the spring of 1868. He then went to Laramie, Wyoming, after merchandise, and it was here that he first learned of his father's death. Soon after reaching home he went to work on the Union Pacific Railroad, where he remained until that national highway was completed. In 1869, he was sent on a mission to the Bear Lake country, where three years were spent in farming, freighting and raising stock. Most of his time, during the next five years, was occupied in moving wild horses from Antelope Island, and in carrying government mail from Salt Lake City to the head of Big Cottonwood canyon.

In 1877, Solomon was called on another mission, this time to Arizona, where he led an active life for nine years. On the 10th of February, 1881, he was married to Miss Zula Pomeroy, the accomplished daughter of Francis M. and Matilda Pomeroy, of Mesa. It was in Mesa that he first became interested in religious matters, and among the

Church offices held by him during the next five years was ward clerk, secretary of Sunday School, and one of the seven presidents of a Seventies quorum.

On account of poor health, Brother Kimball was released, in 1886, from his Arizona mission, and returned to his Salt Lake home well qualified for the work that Providence had marked out for him. He had no more than reached Salt Lake when he was moved upon by a heavenly influence to commence the publication of his father's history. This



Solomon F. Kimball (1869) and his wife Zula P. (1880).

would cost at least \$4,000 in cash, and where was that amount to come from! The Lord provided the way. On the hill back of the old Kimball homestead were four lots that had been overlooked by the family for years. Inspired by the Lord, Brother Solomon was not long in discovering them. The "boom" of 1900 came, and the lots were sold for \$4,550 cash. Under his management his father's history was written, and five thousand copies published. Three years from that time he had disposed of the entire edition at a profit of more than \$2,000. With part of the proceeds from the sale of the lots, his father's private cemetery was improved and beautified at a cost of \$3,475. What cash remained was invested in four life-size portraits of President Kimball, which were presented to the Logan, Manti, Salt Lake and St. George temples. Before this work was completely accomplished, our subject was sent for by President Wilford Woodruff, who made Solomon heir to his father's house.

Soon after this honor was conferred upon him, the Genealogical History of the Kimball Family of America was published, giving the names of 17,000 of his father's ancestors. The temple work was commenced at once; and within seven years all of that number had been baptized for, and 5,500 of them endowed.

Brother Solomon has been at the head of every important movement made by the Kimball family since his father's death, except the work done by

the administrators of the estate, and his labors have been crowned with success in every particular.

On the first day of January, 1892, joy came to the house of Brother Kimball, when his wife gave birth to twins, and this happiness was followed by grief nine days later when his beloved wife, Zula, died. Those were days of sorrow for Brother Solomon, as four of his children died within three years from that time. Farnham, Heber and Helen still survive their mother, and all have families and are doing well.

During the fall of 1890, Solomon became a home missionary in the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, a position he held for more than eight years. He was



*Meriba and Helen Kimball, daughters of Solomon
F. Kimball.*

one of the presidents of the Thirteenth Quorum of Seventies at the time, but later was ordained a High Priest.

During the spring of 1893, he was married to Miss Caroline Fillerup, the oldest daughter of Andrew P. and Caroline Fillerup, of Provo. She was a graduate of the Brigham Young Academy, as well as a first-class housekeeper, which was greatly appreciated by Brother Kimball and his motherless children.

It was in 1906 that Brother Solomon first commenced to write, and since that time he has written upwards of thirty articles for the "Improvement Era," besides publishing his little book, "Thrilling Experiences."



Solomon F. Kimball and wife, Caroline F. Kimball, 1890.

SPIRITUAL-MINDEDNESS



Caroline F. Kimball, wife of Solomon F. Kimball, 1898.

Spiritual-Mindedness

The Lord in his wisdom has so veiled the heavens that any communication from the spirit world is greatly appreciated when it comes from the right source. Having had some experience in this matter, I will relate a few circumstances that have taken place in my own life.

As near as I can remember, my first spiritual experience took place when I was about five years old. One beautiful spring morning, under the guidance of a heavenly influence, I was led to a shady little nook near the mouth of City Creek Canyon. My spiritual ears were then opened, and for an hour or two I listened to the most beautiful music that I had ever heard. After it ceased I returned home and related to my parents what had occurred, and after that they called me their spiritual-minded boy.

A year or two later, during recovery from a severe spell of sickness, I was royally entertained by a spiritual personage who for several hours filled my mind with clean but amusing stories that kept me laughing the whole time. I had experienced manifestations of this nature on other occasions, but not to so great an extent.

As I grew older, I experienced various kinds of manifestations that often caused me to wonder

whence they came. For instance, as soon as the first fruits of the season commenced to ripen, a secret something made these things known unto me, even indicating the exact places where they could be found. Consequently, myself and bosom companions were the first to enjoy the early fruits from my father's numerous orchards and gardens.

Many times I amused my little bed-fellows by telling them what they dreamed about during the night, since I nearly always dreamed the same things that they did. I made this discovery while sleeping with my brother Brigham, who was two years older than I.

Whatever was happening about the neighborhood in the way of socials, my spiritual friends made it known to me, and I was generally present on time to receive my share of the good things. Sometimes it caused considerable merriment when I dropped in among my friends just as they were passing the refreshments around.

Another gift I possessed was the ability to read my fellows' thoughts. Sometimes, when everything was quiet, I could tell them what they were thinking about. I will mention one case, as the person is still living and often reminds me of it. I was sleeping with George Judd, at my father's Grantsville ranch. As we lay meditating for some time, I said to him, "George, I can tell you what you are thinking about." He said, "No; I don't believe you can." I said, "You are thinking about that Newfoundland dog that barked at us last eve-

ning, as we were passing through Grantsville." He said, "Yes; that is so; but how in the world did you know?"

After I had grown to manhood these gifts proved of great benefit to me in many respects. They revealed the thoughts and intents of wicked men's hearts, who were laying their plans to injure or destroy me. Many times my life has been spared by listening to the promptings of the spirit, even in relation to poisonous reptiles. In 1884, when a small company of us were on our way from Arizona to St. George, Utah, while traveling up the Grand Gulch, one dark night, the spirit suddenly warned me of danger ahead! The road was rough, and our wagons were keeping up a terrible clattering. Brother C. I. Robinson and I were walking in the road together just ahead of the teams. As quick as thought I jerked him back. I then lit a match, and there lay in the road a large rattlesnake, all ready to spring at us!

The most remarkable experiences that I ever passed through, occurred during the nine years that I lived in Arizona. The first event of importance took place in October, 1877. After crossing a seventy-five mile desert with ox teams, my spiritual ears were opened, to my sorrow. From eleven o'clock at night, until daylight the next morning, while driving our jaded animals up a sandy wash in search of water, I listened to a Satanic string band that caused every fiber in my dejected body to quiver. The deep, doleful, lonesome sound al-

most drove me wild, while my swollen tongue was protruding from my burning mouth. Every part of that horrible dirge was perfectly played, interpreting, most excellently, the terrible ordeal through which I was passing, causing my mind to suffer more intensely than my body, if such a thing were possible. Those dismal sounds rumble in my ears to this day, causing me to shudder when I think of it!

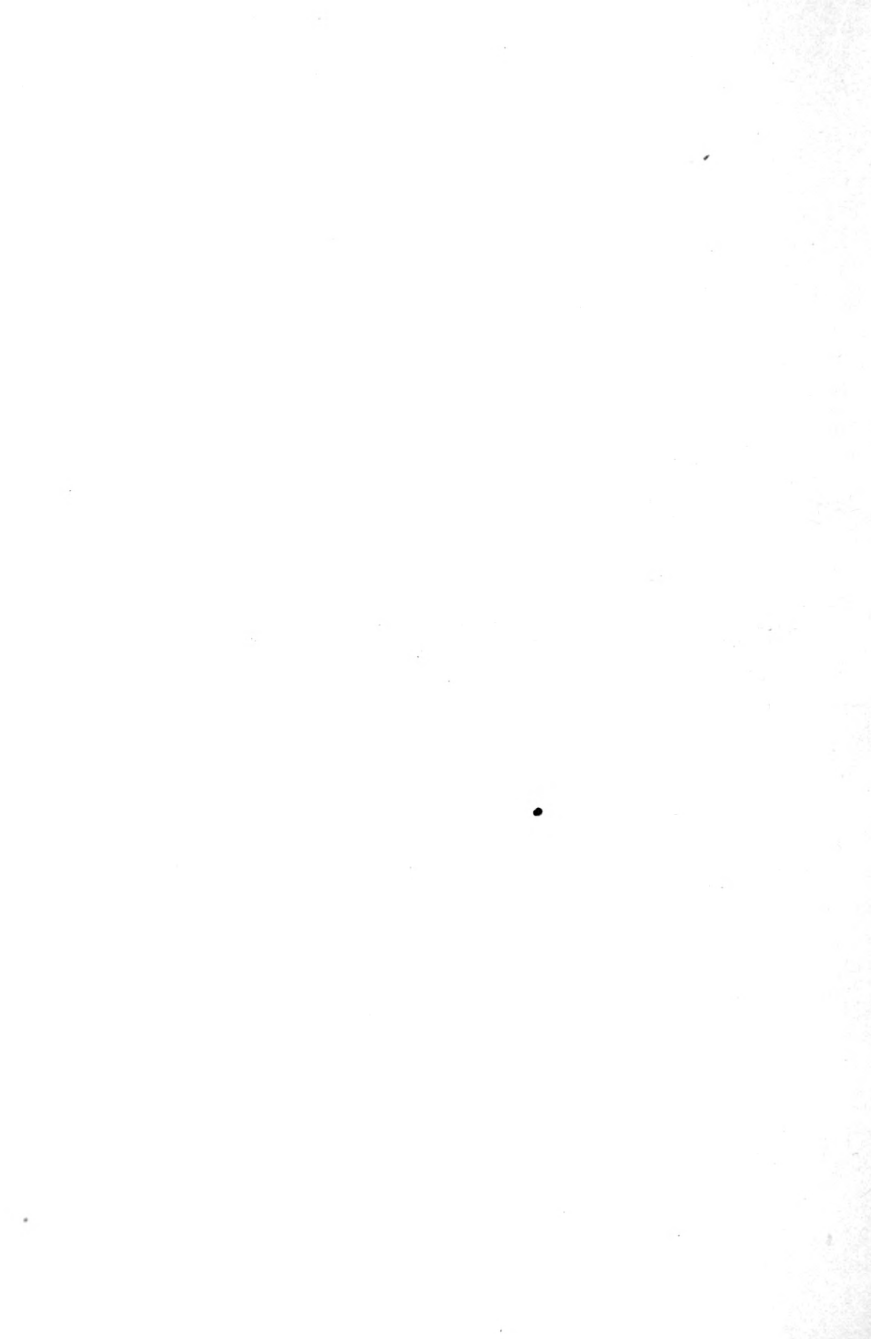
On the other hand, I have heard spiritual music that was so far ahead of anything earthly that I ever listened to that comparison cannot be made. These angelic musicals were generally given after passing through long sieges of hardships, disappointments, and homesickness. Then, when everything was going well with me, I could feel heavenly influences gathering around until I sometimes felt as if I was floating in mid-air. I believe it was my departed relatives and friends who, out of sympathy, had come to bring me cheer. On such occasions their presence was generally accompanied by celestial music.

While life lasts, I will never forget one occasion of this kind, that took place during the late spring of 1878. After crossing a dreary desert waste, I came into a beautiful valley, the surroundings of which were most enchanting. The road for miles ahead, was almost as level as a barn floor, and weather conditions were simply perfect. There was not a living soul within ten miles of where I was, and it was so still that my animals started at the

least sound. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I felt the presence of my spiritual friends gathering around, and soon after, some distance away, I heard beautiful music. It was a heavenly orchestra playing a grand march. The whole heavens seemed to resound with sweet melodies, there being nothing to mar the solemnity of the occasion until I drove into camp for the night. Then the music ceased, my spiritual friends departed, leaving everything around me as silent as death.

I was then overcome with grief and left to myself to meditate upon where I was and where I might have been, had I lived up to my privileges. I fed and watered my animals, turned them out to grass, and then crawled into bed, where I cried myself to sleep.

RESULTS OF SABBATH-BREAKING



Results of Sabbath-Breaking

The Lord has made it known unto us that we are conceived in sin; that when we begin to grow up, sin conceiveth in our hearts and we taste the bitter that we may know how to prize the sweet.

The worst sin conceived in my heart while I was growing up was Sabbath-breaking. When I first commenced to violate the fourth commandment, the bitter was given to me in a mild form, such as slight injuries, tumbling into creeks, tearing my clothing, and getting a well-deserved spanking at times.

As I grew older the penalty became more severe, such as being thrown from horses, kicked by mules, hooked by cows, bitten by dogs, and many other experiences of a similar nature. While these bitter pills were being administered to me, with clock-work regularity, I was doing all in my power to make myself believe that Sabbath-breaking had nothing to do with it, but found it very difficult.

In 1869, a small company of us boys settled in the Bear Lake country, and commenced to build homes. This was the first time that we had everything our own way, and a jollier lot of Sabbath-breakers probably never lived. All days were the same to us, and especially Sunday; for that was the day of all other days that we turned ourselves

loose in the full meaning of the word. It was Sunday when we reached our Bear Lake home. It was Sunday when we took possession. It was Sunday when we surveyed our land. It was Sunday when we laid out our town. It was Sunday when my



Tom Williams and Jed and Hod Kimball.

brother David H. and I drove home from the canyon so rapidly that I was thrown from my wagon and nearly killed. We lightly laid it to carelessness, but it was weeks before I was able to go to work.

David and I each had a load of logs in the canyon ready to haul, and, as soon as I was well enough we went after them. As I was loading my wagon, my fingers were caught between two logs

and I was unable to extricate them. I yelled for help, but received no answer. While suffering with my three mashed fingers I was forcibly reminded that it was just five weeks to a day since I was thrown from my wagon, and now I was again in a worse predicament than ever. As soon as David had loaded his wagon, he came strolling up the canyon to find me in this pitiable plight. He pried my fingers loose, and I was soon on my way home with the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," everlastingly ringing in my ears. A month passed before I could use my hand.

I was so far behind with my work, by this time, that I hardly knew which way to turn. My barn was up to the square, and I was very anxious to get it under cover before winter; hence, I thoughtlessly went to work on it one Sunday morning. As I was hewing a log above my head, my ax glanced and came down on my right foot, cutting its way through the main joint of my big toe. I feared I might bleed to death, for there was not a doctor within fifty miles of the place. I was disabled for weeks, and it seemed to me a miracle that I lived.

For a long time after that I moved about with considerable care on Sundays, for I was convinced that the Lord was terribly in earnest when he thundered the fourth commandment into the ears of the children of Israel. These incidents worked a reformation throughout the whole camp, but boy-like we soon again forgot.

Two years later, Manasseh Williams and I went

to Salt Lake City after supplies. We loaded our wagon on Saturday night and started for home Sunday morning. As I was driving over a bad place, I lost my balance and fell to the ground. Two wheels passed over my lower limbs, and I was again disabled for a month. I never could quite understand how it was that the evil one always picked on me, unless it was on account of my parents being so much opposed to Sabbath-breaking. I finally became a close observer of the Sabbath day, and, considering my restless disposition, my conduct became quite praiseworthy.

I was born in the wilderness, while our people were on their way to the west, and must have partaken of the pioneer spirit to a great extent. I wanted to move all the time. The rougher the surroundings the better I enjoyed them. I relished boiled crow in the mountains better than boiled beef at home. Civilization gave me the blues, and attending to school was slow torture. With such a disposition, it was difficult for me to live my religion.

The next Sunday, in company with several companions, I visited Edington's brewery. While we were having the time of our lives, a crazy man entered the place, carefully scanned the crowd, singled me out, of course, stepped within a few feet of where I stood, drew from his belt a big gun, and without batting an eye, banged away at my breast. My left hand happened to be in front of me when he shot. As quick as thought I threw it

up, and caught the ball in my hand, where it remained for several hundred Sundays.

After thinking matters over, I came to the conclusion that carousing around beer gardens on Sundays was not keeping the Sabbath day holy, so went home and read everything on "Mormonism" in the house. It went so hard with me that every friend I met wanted to know what in the world was the matter, and were not slow in recommending change of climate. The "Old Nick," who had been camping on my tracks for years, undoubtedly said, "Yes, that is just what is needed to bring him out of the kinks, and by the time I get through with him he will be glad to get back to a place where they keep the Sabbath day holy."

I soon found myself driving an ox team over the worst road in Arizona, with blisters on my feet as big as boiled beans. Here I remained for nine years, passing through experiences that many times made me wish I had been a better boy. This God-forsaken country sure enough was the Sabbath-breakers' paradise, for Sunday was never heard of. For the first four years I was alone most of the time, as far as the human family were concerned, otherwise I had company to spare. In my new quarters lived nine different kinds of rattle-snakes that were always looking for a row. Also millions of ringed, streaked and striped lizards, ranging in size from the tiny chameleon to the venomous Gila monster. There were also interesting varieties of spiders, centipedes, scorpions, horned-toads

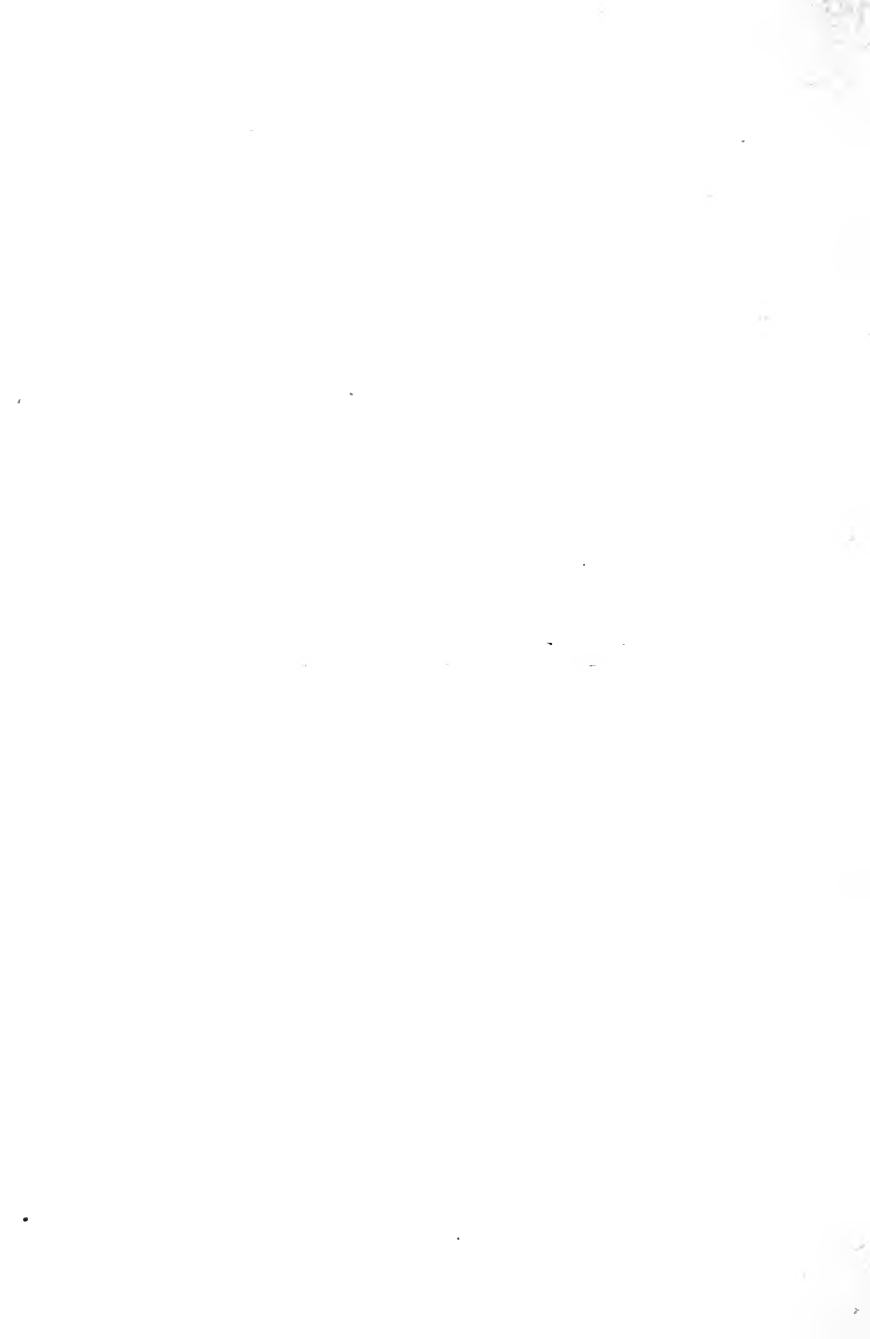
and tarantulas by the trillions. One could scarcely move without infringing upon the rights of something. I counted forty-four different kinds of cactus in one day, and every last one of them had a chip on its shoulder. Spanish bayonets, bristling "benyons," prickly pears, and pointed "penders;" needle-necks, nail-kegs, cat's-claws, thistle-foxtail, desert-thistle, and a thousand other thorny things that kept me jumping. The craggy peaks, the savage red man, the wild beasts, the dreary wastes, the parched ground, the sandy deserts, and a hundred other horrid things that made me wince and wonder! I was on the ragged edge of despair all the time. Chasing hostile Indians over Utah hills was a pleasure in comparison to this life. My rampant spirit was subdued long before my pardon came, and I was ready to serve God and keep his commandments when it did come. I was anxious to get home and take up my labors on father's history, where I left off, as well as to look after other important matters pertaining to his affairs. These sacred duties weighed heavily upon my mind, as I could begin to understand the meaning of certain blessings conferred upon me by the Prophet Brigham, when I was eight days old.

A change from the bitter to the sweet was at hand, and I was ready for the change. Justice and judgment were satisfied, and mercy claimed her own. I was almost smothered with the spirit of repentance, and began to cry mightily unto the Lord for help. After I had exhausted all the en-

ergy that lay within my power, deliverance came. I at once joined the Mesa ward, as directed by the Spirit, and was soon following the narrow path that leads to life eternal. After providing for my family's wants I asked the Lord to give me an understanding of the gospel, little realizing the way in which my prayer would be answered.

I soon felt my strength giving way, and for the next four years I was unable to do more than six months' work. I took hold of my religious studies with a vim, and the way the scriptures were unfolded to my mind was nothing short of marvelous. I almost committed to memory the New Testament, the Doctrine and Covenants, the "Pearl of Great Price," "Key to Theology" and the "Voice of Warning." I read everything on church doctrine that I could obtain and received manifestations that were truly wonderful. I was so interested in my studies that I could hardly sleep nights. After I had sufficiently humbled myself before the Lord and stored my mind with useful knowledge, I was allowed to return home.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE



A Miraculous Escape

During the latter part of May, 1861, my father sent me to Grantsville with a herd of cows. The horse I rode was an overgrown, somewhat skittish colt. For the first mile or two, I was unable to get the cows started, on account of the many side-streets, so I persuaded a number of my little brothers to give me a helping hand. They were warmly dressed, and after walking some distance asked me to carry their coats, which I did by placing them on the saddle in front of me.

As I was riding along in a careless manner, one of the coats fell to the ground, frightening my horse. He suddenly leered to one side and threw me off. As I fell, my left foot slipped through the stirrup, and I was unable to extricate it. At break-neck speed the animal started towards Antelope Island, kicking at me with both feet at every jump. He ran so fast that I hardly touched the ground, and all I could feel was the sharp grease-wood combing my hair as I whizzed by.

My thoughts were perfectly rational and, as my life on many other occasions had been spared in a miraculous manner, I wondered if the Lord would do anything for me on this occasion. I had no time to get frightened, but was becoming terribly nervous, as the colt's heels were cutting dangerously close to me. The animal was strong enough to

drag an ox, and the saddle would never give way under the weight of a stripling lad like me. I realized this, and had about given up all hopes of escape when the horse kicked one of his hind feet through the other stirrup, and threw himself to the ground, at the same time breaking the stirrup strap. As quick as thought I wrenched my foot from the other stirrup. I had no sooner done so than the colt was on his feet again and going faster than ever.

My little brothers came running to my assistance and were astonished to find that I had received scarcely a scratch. A couple of horsemen, passing by, caught my fleeing steed, and in a short time I was on my way again, praising the Lord for preserving my life in such a miraculous manner.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE



Solomon F. Kimball.

A Blessing in Disguise

During the fall and winter of 1889, I was troubled with a tingling, itching sensation under my left eye, but paid little attention to it, thinking it would soon cease. It finally developed into a painful, deep-seated sore, the roots of which I could plainly feel spreading over the left side of my face in every direction. I finally became alarmed and consulted an eminent cancer specialist, who happened to be spending a few days in our city. He informed me that it was a cancer of the worst type, and the result would be disastrous, unless it were attended to at once. He gave me some ointment to rub over it, and set the time when he would remove it from my face.

The next day I was driving a nail into a hard piece of wood. It flew out, and the point of it struck me in the left eye, inflicting a painful wound. Doctor W. T. Cannon happened to be present at the time, and advised me to see an oculist, and have it attended to, which I did. Doctor Ira Lyons treated it every day for several weeks, and the pain during that time was very severe. Each day I saturated a piece of medicated cotton with consecrated oil and bound it over my afflicted eye. This was the only substantial relief I could get. However, my eye continued to get worse, and the doctor finally decided to remove it, as it had com-

menced to affect the sight of the other eye. He set the time for the operation, Sunday, that being a quiet day.

I belonged to what was then known as the "President Taylor Prayer Circle," which met in the Historian's office every Sunday morning. I went there that day with feelings better imagined than described, and related to the brethren of the circle what was about to take place. Brother Joseph Horne was in charge, and there was a goodly attendance. After Brother Hamilton G. Park offered up an inspired prayer, Bishop Whitney anointed me with consecrated oil. Then as many of the brethren as could get around, placed their hands upon my head, and Bishop Alexander McRae gave me one of the most powerful blessings that I ever received. In the name of the Lord he rebuked the pain, and promised that my eye should be healed from that very moment, and every one present said, "Amen." The fervent prayers of these righteous men prevailed, and my afflicted eye was made whole.

With a light heart and cheerful countenance, I went to Doctor Lyon's office. He examined my eye, and with wonder exclaimed, "What in the world has happened? Your eye is all right." I had suffered such intense pain with it that I had almost forgotten about the cancer. The consecrated oil had in the meantime killed it, root and branch, not even leaving a scar. The next day I went to see the cancer specialist, and when I explained mat-

ters to him, he was greatly surprised. He was so pleased with my statement that he presented me with a watch charm which I have kept to this day, and shall always keep as a sacred remembrance of that remarkable event.

Patriarchal Blessings

BLESSING GIVEN TO HEBER C. KIMBALL

**By Patriarch Hyrum Smith, at Nauvoo, Illinois,
March 9, 1842**

Brother Heber: I lay my hands upon your head in the name and by the authority of Jesus Christ, and bless you according to your calling, which is spiritual, and according to your station and lineage and magnanimity, honor and nobility of your blood, as it hath descended in a true lineal descent from your fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, by which you are blessed with their faith, which is the faith of faithful Abraham to believe and to endure all things, with patience. The same has been a great preservation to sustain you and to inspire your heart unto obedience, to receive the promises which were obtained, and the blessings which were to come upon their children, the same to be placed upon your head, which blessings hath swollen your heart unto greatness and with gratitude in the presence of God. The same shall crown you with every blessing spiritually and temporally; spiritually by that Priesthood which is your right with all its qualifying powers of which you have received a foretaste, but you shall be blessed with a fulness, and shall be not one whit behind the chiefest.

As an apostle, you shall stand in the presence of

God to judge the people, and as a Prophet you shall attain to the honor of the three; and shall prophesy, and the power of God shall attend your labors, and crown you with honor and great success, and bring salvation to millions. Your heart shall be inspired with inspiration, even the inspiration of the Almighty, henceforth and forever; and for your evils you shall be chastened and loved and cherished and made an instrument to cherish and to love the inhabitants of the earth; the works of your creation that are like unto yourself, which are the works of God's hands, standing forth with the power of salvation, having attained the Holy Seal of promise as one that is chosen and sealed unto eternal life.

For this are you called and chosen and sealed, for the Hand of God is with you to prosper you, and to save you and your house, even to the uttermost, and to your father's house, for they shall bow at the shrine of Jehovah when you shall lift your voice and stretch out your arm in their midst, that remain, and the residue shall be redeemed; for the arm of Jehovah is extended, stretched out in mercy to prosper you, firm as a decree, unalterable, and none shall stay his hands.

Therefore, cheer up your heart, for the blessings of salvation, spiritual and temporal, are yours. You have a right to the anointing and the endowment, and the testimony of the last days, as a pruner of the vineyard, to seal up the law and bind up the testimony, and to an inheritance in the lineage of your fathers, which is in Ephraim, and

to possess the same in eternity, and to stand waiting for your reward at the coming of the Son of Man, for his reward shall be with him. These are the blessings I seal upon your head, even so, Amen.

James Sloan, Clerk.

BLESSING GIVEN TO VILATE M. KIMBALL

By Patriarch Hyrum Smith, at Nauvoo, Illinois,
March 9, 1842

Beloved Sister: I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus, and seal you unto eternal life—sealed here on earth and sealed in heaven, and your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life never to be blotted out.

The same is mentioned and manifested to comfort your heart, and to be a comfort unto you henceforth all your days. It is even a promise according to the mind of the Spirit, and the Spirit shall bear record of the truth; the same is called the Second Comforter, not his presence, but his promise. The same is as immutable as an oath by Himself, because there is none greater, and there is no greater promise nor no greater blessing that can be given, and no greater riches, it being the riches of eternity, which are the greatest riches of all riches.

These are your blessings; and also you shall be blessed with the communion of the Holy Spirit, with a knowledge of the mysteries of God, and fellowship with the Saints, and share in the glory, the honor and every blessing touching your inherit-

ance and lineage with and in common with your husband, receiving the mysteries of God through the Key of Knowledge which is sealed upon his head.

As to your temporal blessings, they shall be in common with your husband, for you shall prosper in all your avocations in life, and your name shall be perpetuated in honor by your posterity unto the latest generation; and you shall be blessed with long life, even according to the desire which is in your heart. You shall see much of the salvation of God, and shall be crowned in the end together, the glorious resurrection of the just, at the sound of the first trump, or at the coming of the Son of Man. These blessings I seal upon your head, even so, Amen.

James Sloan, Clerk.



DATE DUE

MAR 1 8	MAR 08 1997	
MAR 1 1987	MAR 0 1 1987	
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MAR 1 0 1982	MAR 1 1982	
	FEB 2 7 2001	
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APR 1 0 1982	NOV 1 5 2001	
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JAN 2 1 1985	JUN 1 2 2008	
MAR 1 1982	JUL 2 1 2008	
NOV 3 1 1982	JAN 1 1982	
MAR 1 1982	MAR 1 1982	

